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Police Magazine

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

August, 1925

E. C. CONOVER
Publisher

TH: NAST CRAWFORD
Editor

VOL. III

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY POLICE PUBLISHING CO., INC., 19 WEST 44TH STREET, NEW YORK

RICHARD E. ENRIGHT, *President;* BARRON COLLIER, *Vice-President;* GEORGE MACDONALD, *Treasurer;* R. WALDO, *Secretary.* DIRECTORS: RICHARD E. ENRIGHT, BARRON G. COLLIER, GEORGE MACDONALD, R. WALDO, MATTHEW C. BRUSH, HENRY FRUHAUF, FRANK W. HARWOOD, WILLIAM H. RANKIN, HERMAN A. METZ.

25 *Cents a Copy,* $3.00 *per Year, in the United States and Canada. Foreign subscriptions,* $4.00 *per Year.*

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at New York, April 22, 1924, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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the Legal Spotlight

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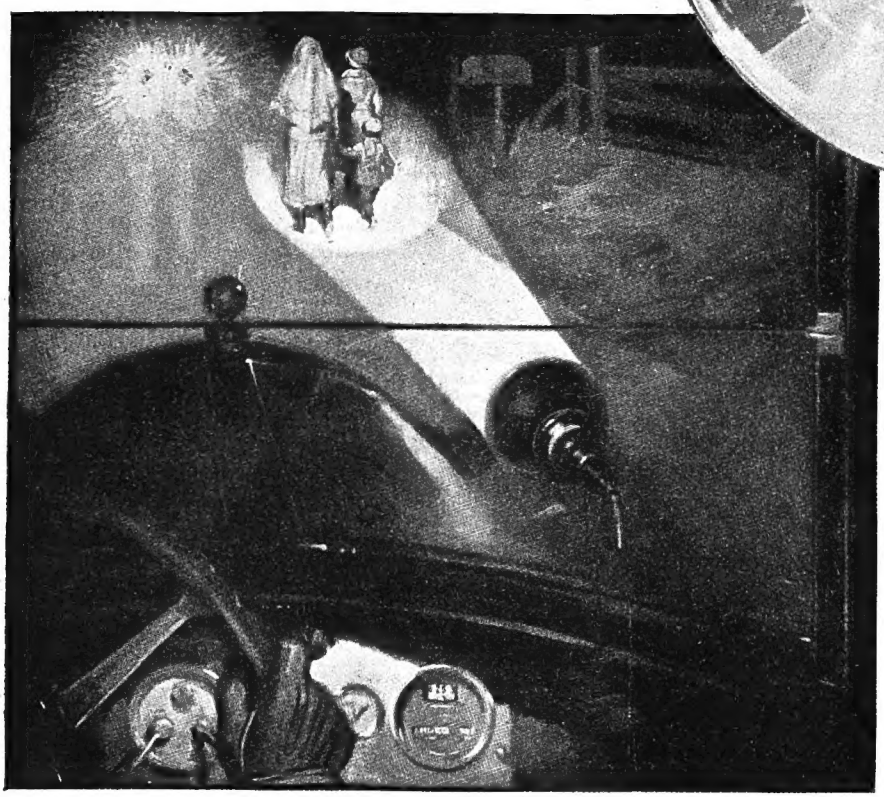
Fits thru your windshield glass



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WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM—

By Judge Ben B. Lindsey

PELMANISM is a big, vital, significant contribution to the mental life of America. I have the deep conviction that it is going to strike at the very roots of individual failure, for I see in it a new power, a *great* driving force.

I first heard of Pelmanism while in England on war work. Sooner or later almost every conversation touched on it, for the movement seemed to have the sweep of a religious conviction. Men and women of every class and circumstance were acclaiming it as a new departure in mental training that gave promise of ending that *preventable* inefficiency which acts as a brake on human progress. Even in France I did not escape the word, for thousands of officers and men were *Pelmanizing* in order to fit themselves for return to civil life.

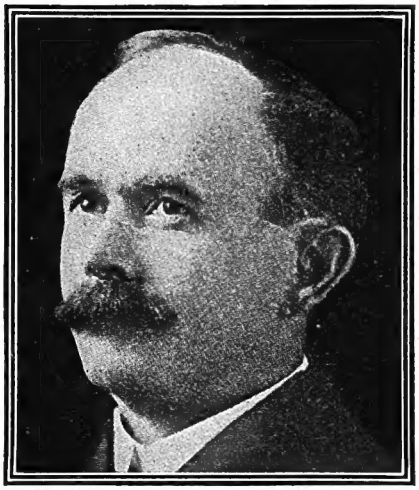
When I learned that Pelmanism had been brought to America, by Americans for Americans, I was among the first to enroll. My reasons were two: first, because I have always felt that every mind needed regular, systematic and scientific exercise, and, secondly, because I wanted to find out if Pelmanism was the thing that I could recommend to the hundreds who continually ask my advice in relation to their lives, problems and ambitions.

Failure is a sad word in any language, but it is peculiarly tragic here in America, where institutions and resources join to put success within the reach of every individual. In the twenty years that I have sat on the bench of the Juvenile Court of Denver, almost every variety of human failure has passed before me in melancholy procession. By *failure* I do not mean the merely criminal mistakes of the individual, but the faults of training that keep a life from full development and complete expression.

It is to these needs and these lacks that Pelmanism comes as an answer. The "twelve little gray books" are a remarkable achievement. Not only do they contain the discoveries that science knows about the mind and it workings, but the treatment is so simple that the truths may be grasped by any one of average education.

In plain words, what Pelmanism has done is to take psychology out of the college and put it into harness for the day's work. It lifts great, helpful truths out of the back water and plants them in the living stream.

As a matter of fact, Pelmanism ought to be the beginning of education instead of a remedy for its faults. First of all, it teaches the science of self-realization; it makes the student *discover* himself; it acquaints him with his sleeping powers and shows him how to develop them. The method is *exercise,* not of the haphazard sort, but a steady, increasing kind that brings each hidden power to full strength without strain or break.



JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

Judge Ben B. Lindsey is known throughout the whole civilized world for his work in the Juvenile Court of Denver: He says,

"The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* 'take care of itself.' Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort, just as muscles can be developed by exercise."

The human mind is *not* an automatic device. It will *not* "take care of itself." Will power, originality, decision, resourcefulness, imagination, initiative, courage—these things are not gifts, but results. Every one of these qualities can be developed by effort just as muscles can be developed by exercise. I do not mean by this that the individual can add to the brains that God gave him, but he can learn to make use of the brains that he has instead of letting them fall into flabbiness through disuse.

Other methods and systems that I have examined, while realizing the value of mental exercise, have made the mistake of limiting their efforts to the development of some single sense. What Pelmanism does is to consider the mind as a whole and treat it as a whole. It goes in for mental team play, training the mind as a unity.

Its big value, however, is the instructional note. Each lesson is accompanied by a work sheet that is really a progress sheet. The student goes forward under a teacher in the sense that he is followed through from first to last, helped, guided and encouraged at every turn by conscientious experts.

Pelmanism is no miracle. It calls for application. But I know of nothing that pays larger returns on an investment of one's spare time from day to day.

(*Signed*) BEN. B. LINDSEY.

Note: As Judge Lindsey has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For almost a quarter of a century, it has been showing men and women how to lead happy, successful, well rounded lives. 650,000 Pelmanists in every country on the globe are the guarantee of what Pelman training can do for *you.*

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"Scientific Mind Training" is the name of the absorbingly interesting booklet which tells about Pelmanism in detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and clear observation. "Scientific Mind Training" makes an interesting addition to your library.

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Drawn by H. Winfield Scott

The doctor talked rapidly, explaining, expounding, convincing—and Monte Blair talked more rapidly to the radiant though strangely shy girl who had withdrawn to the far end of the laboratory.

(*See "The Pink Spot," page 31*)

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POLICE MAGAZINE

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE
POLICE PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 19 WEST 44TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

VOLUME THREE
NUMBER FOUR

NEW YORK, *August*, 1925

$3.00 FOR THE YEAR
25 CENTS A COPY

¶ *Shirley saw in the gleaming menace of the man's eyes that in the police reception room dynamite was being played with in a most literal sense.*

His eyes burned with a fire which seemed to scorch the secretary's own eye-balls as he met their compelling gaze.

If.....?

The Story Which, Though It "Was Not Copy," by Any Rules of Journalism, Was Run Throughout the World

By ROBERT E. RINEHART

Illustrated by CHARLES ANDREW BRYSON

THE poor fellow was crazy, of course, and a crazy man kills a newspaper yarn nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a million; but this story went around the world. English journals in China printed a quarter column of it the day it happened; a friend told me that he had read it to the extent of a column the next morning in Bermuda; and it appeared, so it is recorded—in sixteen different languages. It was the story in a million.

* * *

He walked into Police Headquarters one May morning at 9:36 o'clock, according to the entry in the blotter, bolted straight into the reception room, where callers awaited their turn with the chief, through the door left open in deference to the hot, muggy day, and planted himself face to face with the chief's secretary, Ben Shirley.

Lest some eye cocks itself suspiciously, and some curious nose whiffs a fancied scent of publicity, I will not name the city. It prided itself then quite justly on a population of more than half a million; it to-day boasts many thousands more. If you are curious, you can find the name in the date line of the story, for a telegraphed portion of it appears in the files of any newspaper you may have handy.

He was a plainly dressed fellow of average height. There was nothing obtrusive or even

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mildly individual about him at first sight, certainly nothing to arouse interest, distrust, and least of all dread; but as Shirley looked at him inquiringly, his medium height, his drab clothes, and dingy black derby hat, all faded into the insignificance which such trivial details deserve, and the secretary to the chief was aware of but two facts; the visitor carried in the crook of his left arm a rough unpainted wooden box, and his eyes burned with a fire which seemed to scorch the secretary's own eyeballs as he met their compelling gaze. Then Shirley noticed in one sweeping mental picture that the box had a drawer fitted with a large iron eyelet, and in the eyelet hung a great iron hook, and the iron hook served for wrist, hand, and fingers that were missing, an archaic artificial hand from the Victorian Age. A lot of details to catch in one glance, but Shirley was seeing and thinking fast.

"I want you to telephone to John Throop, President of the Continental Railway System," the intruder began in a quiet, even voice, but sinister in its intensity. "I want you to telephone him, and order him to hurry up here to police headquarters at once. And don't take 'No' for an answer."

Shirley was seated in his swivel chair, his back to his desk, with his upturned eyes still held fast by the speaker's hypnotic gaze. With an effort he released them, and sent them searching along the length of the man's arm, stretched across his breast, till they halted on the great murderous-looking hook fixed to the mysterious box. For an instant the picture of Captain Cuttle flickered in his mind's eye, and then he snapped back to the reality of the situation, whatever it was.

"Come, telephone Throop quick," commanded The Man-with-the-Box, a querilous air of importance in his otherwise quiet manner.

Shirley, regarding him with a questioning yet mollifying look, said:

"Wait a minute, what's all this about?"

The intruder glanced pointedly from the square object under his arm to Shirley.

"This box contains fifty sticks of eighty percent dynamite," he replied as calmly as if he had said fifty sticks of peppermint candy. "All I need to do to explode it is to pull out the drawer a half inch. If I give one little jerk of this hook, it blows you and me, and the whole building to bits."

He stopped and scanned Shirley's face closely.

"You are in no danger," he went on, "if you do exactly as I tell you. If you don't, you and I die together. Take the telephone and call Throop, and tell him he must be here in fifteen minutes."

Shirley, as secretary to the Chief, was just a wheel in the elaborate and complex machine of the city's police department; an important wheel perhaps, especially when the chief was absent, which was the case at this minute. He was not any braver than scores of other men in the department, nor did he have naturally any greater presence of mind. He was an intelligent fellow with a certain familiarity with unusual incidents, accidents, and situations of danger such as are the common lot of any police officer. His life had been spent doing whatever the job called upon him to do according to the rules and regulations of the department, and the code of the force. But at this critical moment he was the tangent point where the line of danger verged on the circle of the community. He was responsible for the immediate future. He must think quickly, act quickly, but think and act for public safety first and last.

Whether or not he was frightened, I cannot say; I doubt if he was more so than any other man in his place. All he knew was that he was sitting eye to eye with a madman who said that he carried an infernal machine powerful enough to level police headquarters to a pile of stones. Was it a crazy man's hoax, or a maniac's devilish reality? Was the box empty, or crammed with high explosives? It was an interesting guess for a psychologist, but Shirley was only a police officer, and he dare not guess, and gamble with public safety.

"All right," he said pleasantly as he wondered how he could temporize with his visitor till he had evolved a sure plan of action. "I'll call Mr. Throop. But, by the way, he is not the president of the Continental Railways. He is president of the Midland Traction Company, which is generally understood to be a subsidiary company of The Continental. That being the case, do you still want to see Throop?"

The face of the unwelcome visitor clouded with disappointment.

"Call the president of the Continental, then," he directed.

"But he does not have an office in this city. He lives in the east."

The one hand of the man fingered the box nervously. Perplexed and uncertain for a second, he then burst forth savagely:

"Send for Throop." He'll do just as well. I'll deal with him. All I need is the head of one of these vicious and ruthless corporations right here before me. I can work through one as well as another."

"All right. We'll get Throop," Shirley answered, maintaining his friendly conversational tone. "But it is going to take some time to reach him on the telephone, and still longer for him to come to police headquarters. There is no need to stand until he arrives. You might as well sit down and be comfortable while we wait."

Distrust of the world in general, caused the intruder to scrutinize Shirley with shrewd antag-

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Shirley seized the telephone and for the fifth time went through the hackneyed pretense of getting Throop's office and holding a conversation with the secretary.

onism, but the chief's secretary met his suspicion with a broad display of frankness.

"Nobody can molest you if you sit here," he said, indicating a chair beside his desk. "You can keep an eye on everyone who comes near."

From where he stood, the self-styled explosionist surveyed the lay of the office, the several chairs, a bench seat, Shirley's desk and chair, and the open doorway leading into the corridor. Through this he was able to command a view of the hallway and its wide entrance, and see all passerbys as they entered from the street, or passed out of the building. His keen eye evidently noticed that from the chair that Shirley offered if he faced the door, he could watch more efficiently than standing; and he took the seat with manifest confidence.

"Why do you want to see John Throop?" Shirley asked, fencing to gain time. "What do you think he can do for you?"

"Put an end to this persecution of poor people." The answer was hurled fiercely and rapidly at Shirley. "There is too much poverty in the world. Too much misery and suffering. And it is all due to the avaricious system of rich men and richer corporations. The corporations are worse than the men. But both make up the system. It has got to stop. Men, women, and little children were not put here on this earth to suffer from the very things that ought to make life easier for them. Civilization has made wealth, and wealth in return has made civilization a mere machine for the slow destruction of humanity. It is this ruthless building of vast fortunes that is doing it. The system schemes, and plots, and bribes to give more and more to those who have, and take away more and more from those who have not. It must stop, or the human race is doomed."

"But how can Mr. Throop change this?" Shir-

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ley said soothingly. "He would if he could. I know him personally, and he is a man of fine principles."

"He is the head of one of the soulless corporations that are turning free men into economic slaves, and it is through the heads of these powerful combinations that the Great Change must be wrought. Only the huge organization can accomplish any big reform in these days, one that can benefit the millions of the lowest economic, industrial caste. But corporations cannot act any more than they can will to act. It is useless to try to move a corporation to do anything. It has no compassion, no mercy, no intelligence, no senses, nothing except a crushing momentum which squeezes out dividends for idle stockholders, sleek drones who eat and wear ten times more than they need. Corporations have but one actuating motive, the multiplication of wealth. And the workers produce it for them—pay for it all in beaten-down wages and forced-up prices for living necessities."

"But where does Mr. Throop figure in it personally?" Shirley persisted, gratified at the precious minutes he was gaining.

"Heads of corporations, as human beings, have emotions that their mechanical organizations cannot feel." The brain-warped philosopher went on with wild eagerness to unfold his plan. "As the head of a corporation in his office, Throop would be as dead to pity and reason as his corporation, but here as a man with one life, which seems big to him, he can have a man's emotions. He can pity—he can think—and most of all, he can fear. I can move the corporation by swaying the emotion of the individual who heads it. And fear of death is such a poignant emotion to these big rich men who get so much good out of life.

"I want to sit down here with this big, little man who heads a vast far-flung system of oppression, and picture to him the penury, grief, and suffering I have seen. I want him to feel by suggestion the fear that poverty-stricken people feel when they look into the eyes of the wolf, Starvation. If such pictures do not frighten him, then I shall tell him what is in this little box, and what it will do if I pull out the drawer. Then he will feel fear. His life is sweeter to him than the dividends of his corporation, and he will do what I direct, and together we shall bring some happiness into homes where now even the glorious sunshine does nothing but light up the squalor and anguish, and joylessness in them."

"But he may refuse point blank."

"If he does, if he says he can do nothing," the mad emissary of the worst element of the masses answered coolly, "he will be through doing nothing. I shall open the drawer of this box, and remove him from the earth."

"But that is the end of yourself, too."

"Which is nothing at all," returned the crack-brained humanitarian in a voice of ineffable weariness. "What do I count in this multitudinous conglomerate of poverty and sorrow? I am important only as an instrument to further one little stride toward a real civilization. Come, we are wasting time," he added impatiently. "Get this man, Throop, on the telephone."

Realizing that he could no longer ward off using the telephone, Shirley unhooked the receiver. He had not the slightest idea what he was going to say other than to ask Bert Simms, the operator on the switchboard, to get the office of John Throop on the wire, and then let the future unfold itself as it would. If it worked out that his connection got through to the president of the Midland Traction Company, he counted on his ingenuity to carry on some conversation which, though meaningless to Throop, would be satisfactory to his insane visitor.

But Simms forestalled any need for a make-believe conversation. As the chief's secretary in a conventional tone asked him to get Throop's office, Simms cut in:

"That's all right, Shirley, we are wise out here to what's going on in there. We know you've got a bughouse with you, and it looks like he packs an infernal machine. Talk any old stuff you want into the 'phone, and hang up as you please. I'll always be ready for you, listening for anything you got to say, and carry out any orders when it listens like you meant it. Of course, you'll have to spill a lot of phony talk, but I'll get that. Keep a grip on yourself, old boy, and keep the nut quiet. Jolly him along, and the boys out here will cook up something."

In the few minutes since the crazy man had walked in on Shirley, practically the whole situation with all its factors and elements, had filtered through police headquarters in the astounding way in which news travels under stress. Officers and plain clothes men passing through the corridor, had looked in through the open door, and gained a fairly accurate understanding of the scene presented. The gaunt man with the iron hook for a hand, sitting tense, alert, and threatening, with the box hugged close, and Shirley's face, now pale and drawn, though he was unconscious of it, pictured a story not likely to be misread. It did not require a mechanical genius to appreciate the significance of the big gaff hooked in the eyelet of the box. And a regular procession had passed by to get a glimpse of the dangerous visitor—officers, detectives, doctors, internes, and nurses from the emergency hospital, guards from the jail, and reporters, who, young or old, were seeing first hand the most hideously pregnant story of their writing days.

Shirley acted at the telephone the most eloquent

(*Continued on page* 52)

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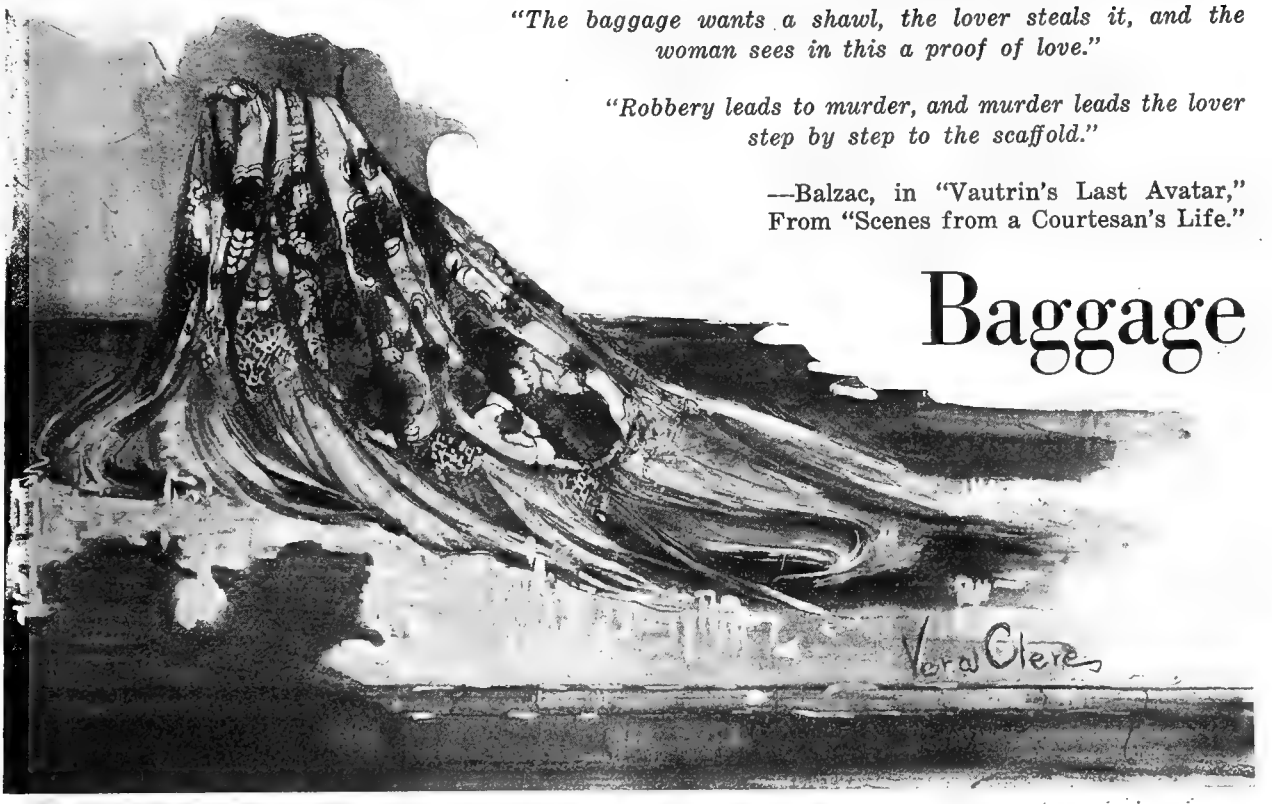
¶ *"It'll cost me about ten years at Sing Sing if de bulls find out who got it. If dey don't, it's a gift, kid."*

"The baggage wants a shawl, the lover steals it, and the woman sees in this a proof of love."

"Robbery leads to murder, and murder leads the lover step by step to the scaffold."

—Balzac, in "Vautrin's Last Avatar," From "Scenes from a Courtesan's Life."

Baggage



What a sensation the shawl would make in Bleecker Street!

The Story of a Cheap Woman's Petty Vanity and the Theoretical "Honor Among Thieves"

By GUY FOWLER

Illustrated by VERA CLERE

"LOOK, Slim, ain't it beautiful?"

The girl caught her escort's elbow and drew him closer to the window of the exclusive little shop on Fifth Avenue in the Fifties. Her eyes were riveted on a gorgeous Spanish shawl that lay spread upon the polished hardwood floor in the window. The shawl . . . nothing more. Not even a name by which to distinguish the shop.

There was blue in the shawl. Blue like the Mediterranean on the morning following a storm. There was yellow, blazing like the Sahara at high noon; green, too, more vivid than the mirage of an oasis; and, here and there in the design were flecks of red like the lights of passion in tawny eyes.

Hazel Norris sighed. What a sensation the shawl would make in Bleecker Street! She would wet her hair and smooth it down tightly over her forehead. Her gilt beads would sparkle about her throat. She would add a little more carmine to her lips, another touch of mascara to her lashes. Her green dress, barely reaching to her knees, white shoes and stockings . . .

"Ain't it wun'erful?" she breathed.

'Slim' Crane grinned.

"Yuh like it, Kid?"

Any reply would have been superfluous, as was the question.

"Maybe I'll get it for yuh." 'Slim' glanced at the rag nonchalantly.

"Yeah, fine chanct," shrilled the girl. "Le's go back down de avenoo t' Tiffany's. I'll pick somepin' out there, too."

"You pick an' I'll choose, Kid," said 'Slim', brightly.

(2)

Fifth avenue between two and three o'clock in the morning. Silent, except for an occasional motor cruising in the lanes which by day are choked with traffic. In the soft glow of the street lights the buildings are set in murky gloom. Alleys become black and shadows deep and terrifying. In the upper windows of offices lights gleam yellowly, as scrubwomen wearily work from floor to floor. The tops of the taller buildings seem blue in the reflected light of the city; soft gray-blue above the

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indigo shadows. And most striking of all is the silence—a quiet in which a footfall sounds hollowly, a spoken word shatters the air. Here and there, in front of buildings, a sleepy custodian leans back against the wall on his tilted chair, the glow of his pipe casting a soft crimson upon his face. A policeman strolls slowly in the shadows.

An unassuming touring-car moved up the avenue with two passengers, the driver and a slim, fox-faced youth in dark clothing. At Fiftieth street the pace grew slower and the slender, young man watched the sidewalks intently.

Once his narrow eyes turned upward to the majestic tower of St. Patrick's Cathedral and he noted that one arm of the massive cross up there had been torn away. The tower reached up into the reflected light and loomed duskily against the sky, that ghostly, radiant shade of blue. In the entrance on Fifth avenue there hung the small lamps which glow through the night, sending a yellow radiance across the wide stairs. But 'Slim' was not concerned with spiritual beauty.

"It's up along here somewhere," he said. "Step on it when yuh see a bull."

Presently, they passed the little shop, its windows darkened now, but in the light from the street stanchion, the Spanish shawl gleamed in its loveliness, dazzling even in the half glow. It was almost as if the window were a casement overlooking a narrow, twisting street in Madrid; as if the shawl were actually draped about the sensuous form of some sloe-eyed woman awaiting her lover, so gracefully was it thrown across a brace in the window.

"Dat's it," snapped 'Slim' Crane to his companion. "Keep movin'. Go on up t' Fifty-seventh street. We c'n turn an' come back. I'll drop off. Den you switch up de avenoo an' when I see you comin' I'll crack de pane. You c'n pick me up on de fly. It's a pipe."

The driver nodded and obeyed instructions. On the steady return trip down the avenue, they were silent. The cord tires on the car crackled against the pavement like a chorus of crickets in unison. They passed a taxicab or two and slowed down. At the intersection north of the trinket shop, 'Slim' dropped off.

He waved airily, lighted a cigaret, and proceeded to walk briskly westward towards Sixth avenue. His quick eye had caught the bulky movement of a patrolman. The police 'dead line' did not apply to 'Slim' for he had never been fingerprinted, nor posed for the photographer down at Headquarters. But, he knew all about the 'dead line' from those for whom it had been created.

When he was assured that he had not attracted the patrolman's notice, and after he watched the powerful form progress down the avenue, 'Slim' turned in his tracks and went back. He crossed the wide street hurriedly and two blocks down saw the approaching headlights of a car. With the ease of a ferret he slid into the shadows. A glance over his shoulder told him that the approaching car was the one he sought. One light was dim, the other bright.

'Slim' drew from his coat-pocket a heavy object wrapped thickly in cloth. It was actually a wrench, wound first with inner tubing from an old tire, then covered with dark rags. Before the shop he paused for a moment, studied the avenue in both directions, peered sharply at the car now crossing the intersection, and with a single, quick blow, drove the padded wrench through the glistening plate-glass window.

Reaching through the opening carefully, yet in a deft movement like that of a gambler dealing a card from the bottom of the deck, he gripped one end of the shawl and swept it to him, pulling the brace to the floor with a clatter. For an instant, one fold of the garment caught on the spike of glass that thrust itself out like the point of a star. There was a soft, ripping sound audible only to 'Slim'.

"Godam that glass," he grunted.

Catlike, he leaped to the curb and into the front seat of the car which was already moving. He bunched the silken shawl in the seat beside him, protecting it with his sprawling body.

"Let's go," he said.

The car shot ahead.

(3)

"Gee, Slim, I never thought you meant it. I thought you was givin' me the razz-berry."

Hazel Norris fondled the shawl as another type of girl would have caressed a baby; as a lover of books lingeringly touches the worn cover of a favorite volume; as a musician fingers his instrument.

"How much did it cost, Slim?"

"Thoity minutes," replied her lover.

Hazel's flashing, dark eyes widened. "Whad'ye mean?"

Slim smiled his twisted, thin-lipped smile.

"It took 'em dat long t' wait on me," he replied.

"Oh. You're wise crackin'. G'wan, tell me, Slim. How much did it set you back? Big jack, wasn't it?"

The youth's old-man face hardened. He leaned forward and took the girl by the shoulders.

"Yuh got it, ain't yuh, Kid? Don't ast so many questions . . . yuh sound like a yawp on a Chinatown bus."

She pouted. "It ain't goin' t' hoit you none t' tell me that much, is it? Gee, a goil ought-a know what her clothes cost."

"How about a li'l kiss, Kid?"

"No."

"Didn't I get yuh the wrap?"

"How much was it?"

"Do I get th' kiss if I tell you?"

She looked up smilingly, nodding.

"All right, den. It'll cost me about ten years at Sing Sing if de bulls find out who got it. If dey don't, it's a gift, kid."

Hazel's eyes sparkled and she drew a deep breath.

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"You mean—you mean you cracked de window, Slim?"

"Sure. What else?"

She flung herself into his arms and he held her there roughly, pressed his lips to hers for a long moment until she drew away.

"It took noive," she said, coolly, in the face of his passion. The girl was not stirred by the embrace. But her eyes flared when she again looked at the shawl. Then she discovered the rent where it had caught upon the spiked glass in the shattered window. Her smile died and a look of deep concern spread over her face.

"Look, Slim, it's torn."

So might Salome have spoken when, looking upon the head of John the Baptist, she realized that it was not beautiful. In the same tone perhaps, Eve mentioned the apple to Adam, after the gates of the Garden of Eden were closed to them both.

"Hell, nobody c'n see that," 'Slim' grinned at her tragedy. "Them colors makes th' eyes blink so's yuh can't see nothin'."

Hazel was not so sanguine. Disappointment clouded her eyes and turned the corners of her reddened lips downward.

"Yuh might-a been a little careful," she said regretfully.

"Yeah, I ought t' waited till daylight so's I could take my time," he replied, scornfully. "Yuh know how them bargain counters is, though, Kid. Th' rush is awful."

'Slim's little pleasantry went by ineffectively and the evening was flat. Over in Fourth street at a Greenwich Village cellar, where uptown people thought they were seeing Bohemia, Hazel continued to be sulky. She danced without her usual wild elation. To Slim she was cold, detached, even scornful.

They parted at the darkened doorway of her Bleecker street tenement building without ceremony. He made no move to kiss her, even to touch her.

"Maybe yuh know somebody who c'n do better?" asked 'Slim,' testily.

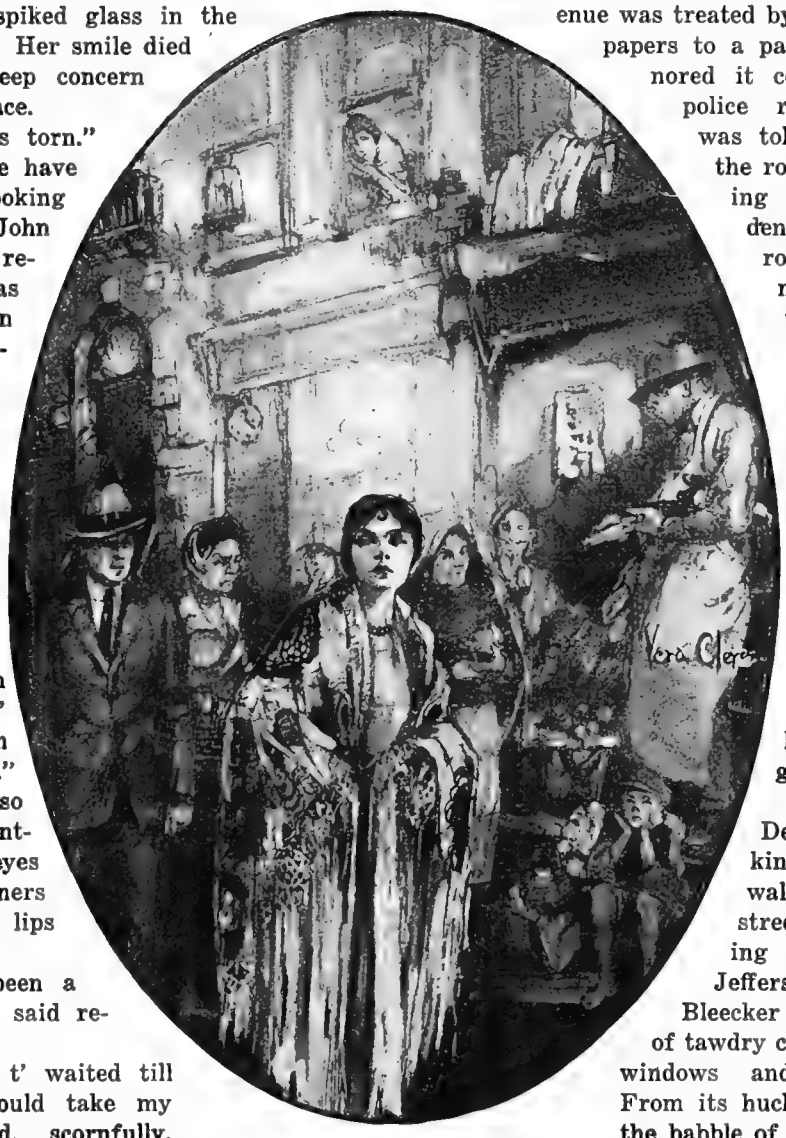
"Maybe," she replied with a shrug.

She went in, trailing the Spanish shawl along the dirty floor. Its charm was lost to her now. The shawl was torn and the girl from Bleecker street saw in that rent a slight to her.

(4)

The smashing of the shop window in Fifth avenue was treated by some of the newspapers to a paragraph, others ignored it completely. But at police roll-call, the theft was tolled off along with the routine, on the morning following the incident. There were truck robbers to be sought, men who escaped with great lorries loaded with silks. There were 'stick-up men' at large who walked into jewelry stores in daylight, trussed the clerks and made away with trays of diamonds. There were murderers to be caught.

What is one broken window and a gay Spanish shawl? Quite by accident, Detective Tom Wilkins happened to be walking down Bleecker street, after transacting some business at Jefferson Market Court. Bleecker street is a place of tawdry color, tarnished shop windows and terriffic noises. From its huckster's curb market the babble of many tongues mingles with the curses of truck drivers and the yowling of filthy alley cats. Delicatessens flourish two or three in a block and a conglomerate odor rises from the narrow, littered sidewalks.



Wilkins found his eyes drawn to that shawl as surely as metal is lured to a magnet.

Most of the girls who live in Bleecker street are given to wearing gay colors. But among them all, none shone so brilliantly as Hazel Norris in her Spanish shawl, with the rent hidden under a fold. Wilkins found his eyes drawn to that shawl as surely as metal is lured to a magnet. He reduced his pace and looked more closely.

(*Continued on page* 67)

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Policing Persia

An Account of the Introduction of Modern Western Police Methods Into the Picturesque Land of the Rubiayat

Illustrated with official and other photographs

Col. Mohammed Khan (left), Chief of Police of Persia, with Abdolloh Bahrami and Lieut. Col. Seif

GONE is the time when the bastinado, the beheading block or the sword of the executioner, were the only arguments for law and order in the land of the Shah! From its earliest history Persia has been an autocratic monarchy, whose sovereign had absolute power over the lives of his subjects. He governed through terror and the sword, and in the ancient days when the race held empire over the world, "the laws of the Medes and Persians" were known for their inflexibility and severity.

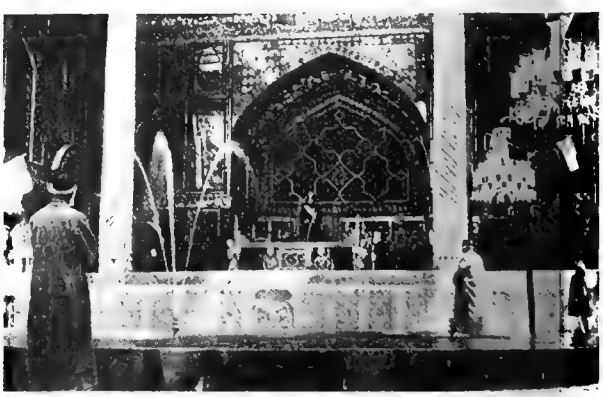
Well disciplined.

With the defeat of the Persian ruler, by the small but courageous Greek tribes, at the battle of Marathon, and the great sea fight of Salamis, Persia ceased to be the dominant power in the ancient world, and through the conquests of Alexander the Great, it seemed to have become only a province of Macedonia. Soon indeed as an empire it had passed into glorious legendry. Its people never obtained any real political freedom; Persia was always summed up somehow to the European mind as "the land of the satraps"; or Oriental governors who used their power solely to collect taxes for the autocratic rulers of their country.

Persia is, from its situation, one of the most interesting of nations geographically. A great elevated plateau occupies the chief part of the country. It is separated from the Caspian sea to the North, by a low-lying band of flat country, from twenty to sixty miles broad, and from the Persian gulf to the South by a strip of land, a little above sea-level, and forty miles in width. Bordering the Caspian sea are high mountains where there is generally a heavy rainfall. On the whole, the climate of Persia is very mild and enervating. The country has many marshy and swampy areas, full of luxurious vegetation, which though picturesque are the cause of much malarial and other fevers. A mountainous portion of the plateau regions covers the whole of the western half of Persia. It lies from three to six thousand feet above sea-level, while the rest is a purely desert country.

The Persians themselves are a luxurious, indolent, Oriental race of pure Aryan stock, courteous in their manners, kindly and simple after the fashion of mountain races, but rather undisciplined, apt to indulge in Oriental shiftiness, a little puzzling to observers of the Occident.

Mr. Abdolloh Bahrami, Chief of the Provincial Police of Persia, during his recent visit to the United States recounted that "the modern police system in Persia dates back only half a



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

The Persia of strange decorative works of art

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Written from reports made by

ABDOLLOH BAHRAMI

Deputy Chief of Police of Persia

and

LIEUT.-COL. SEIF

Chief of Police of Casnine

By MARYA ZATURENSKA

A mounted Persian policeman.

century. It differs widely from what it was before this time. The police force was then simply for the purpose of collecting contributions, and for striking the people with awe, in order to submit them to the whimsical and changing wishes of the then despotic rulers. Of course, strangling, torturing, poisoning, and the bastinado were the most effective methods used. The Chief of Police at that time was also the Chief Executioner."

Mr. Bahrami then went on to explain how, slowly and surely, European ideas had filtered into Persia. Foreign advisors introduced the methods prevailing in their own countries, but owing to their lack of experience in the Oriental character, they did not make much progress. It took some Persians who had European training, combined with a knowledge of their own countrymen, to evolve the present police system.

Carefully uniformed.

To understand what an efficient and modern police force means to Persia, one need only look back a few years into Oriental history. Till 1909, the country was under the dominion of a despotism, under which only the severest penalties reigned for the most trivial offenses, and the methods of guarding property so primitive that foreign legations petitioned the Persian government to permit them to import soldiers of their own to guard the property of their countrymen. These requests were often granted. Russia organized a special *gendarmerie* of Cossacks to which the Persians themselves often appealed, for the preservation of order. Prisoners, at the whim of some despotic governor or Shah, were buried alive, rolled up in plaster columns, or were blown from the mouths of guns. Under the efficient modern police, and humane legislation now maintaining, these practices have been abolished, but before the present system was fully organized the country was in a state of chronic anarchy. The governing classes had to go to Russia, France and Sweden for help in keeping order among their own people. Southern Persia was always in revolt against northern Persia, the caravan roads were beset with robbers and trade was coming to a standstill. No one knew where to turn or whom to trust.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

It is the Persia of Omar and the Rubiayat.

The organization of the present police force of Persia is based on the drill regulations of the American, French and Austrian police. It was the intent of the government to learn the methods that had been most successful and, with their own knowledge of Persian conditions and psychology, to blend them into a workable plan.

The police are better paid, on the whole, than

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soldiers in the regular army. Beside their salary of four *tomans* a month (which is considered excellent pay in Persia), they also are supplied with their meals. If they do not wish to eat with the force, they are paid three *tomans* a month extra. This liberality has brought into the Persian police a high type of *gendarme*, men of character and intelligence.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"The inhabitants of Persia are still a nomad people."

The father of the modern police of Persia is Col. Hjalmarson, of the Swedish Royal Police, who came in at the request of the government about fifteen years ago. He brought twenty members of the Swedish police with him, and tried to build up a system in Persia similar to that in his own country. They were not quite successful, but they paved the way. The reason for their failure lay in their lack of knowledge of the country and their inability to cope with Oriental intrigue. At one time the Russian government, whose Cossack police was becoming a political influence, opposed Col. Hjalmarson. But he had the powerful backing of the British, and proceeded with his work.

Col. Hjalmarson could only raise his first recruits from among the riff-raff of the population, and it was not until later that he was able to rely on the better classes in Teheran to help him. At Ispahan one hundred and sixty-seven of the men enrolled turned out to be of such disreputable records and so unpopular with the inhabitants that they had to be disbanded.

But Hjalmarson accomplished valuable things. He stopped the petty chiefs of the hill towns from preying on the caravans, and put an end to some of the warfare between the various hillsmen of the country.

Col. Seif, also a member of the police force visiting New York, mentioned these people particularly.

"The inhabitants of Persia," he remarked, "are still a nomad people who are just learning, as it were, their own frontiers. Until comparatively recent times the problem of policing Persia was a serious one. The army and the police force was closely allied, and a greater part of their time was spent in disarming certain wild tribes from the Northern mountain borders of the Persian empire who would make raids upon their fellow-countrymen and spread revolt and dissension. Owing to the excellent condition of the present army, and the fine organization of the Persian police, these mischievous tribes have been disarmed and made obedient. We have managed to put into effect a law strictly regulating the use of firearms. This has put an end to innumerable abuses."

Speaking of this law, Col. Seif said that the regulations against firearms are so stringent that only persons of renown or those whose characters are strictly attested to are granted permits. The permit itself bears a photograph of the owner, and a strict account of the reasons for which the use of firearms was granted.

Col. Seif also stated that the present progressive ruler of Persia, Reya Khan, had been especially anxious to study American police methods.

"In the stage of humanity in which we are now living," he continued, "it must not be the question of how to apprehend a criminal and punish him, but it must be the main object of the police of how to prevent the transgressor of laws from being a criminal!

"The geography of Persia makes it hard to have a wide-spreading and efficiently working police system, but under the present control of European-educated and zealous Persian officials it has almost been accomplished. They have established a good and regular system of pay for the police, which the old government conditions never did, and they have chosen their men carefully and intelligently. They have made the police force of Persia understand that by safeguarding the life and property of their country they

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Officers of the Police Department of the City of Teheran

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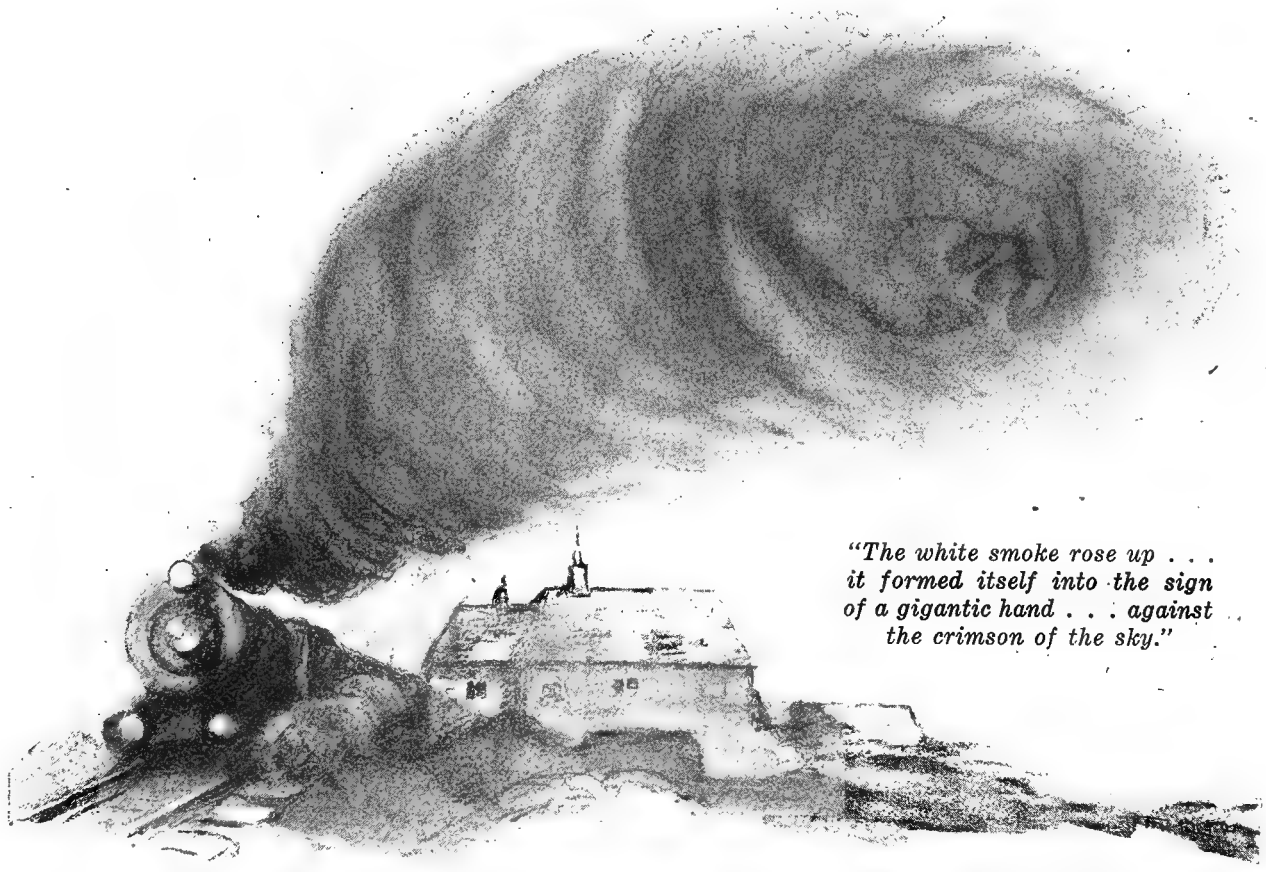

"The white smoke rose up . . . it formed itself into the sign of a gigantic hand . . . against the crimson of the sky."

The Sign in the Sky

A Story in which a Member of the Secret Police Makes of the Fantastic Supersition of an Illiterate Woman, the Key Which Unlocks the Door to Freedom from the Gallows for an Innocent Man

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

Illustrated by F. A. HAMILTON

AFTER sentence had been pronounced, and Martin Wylde was finally condemned to death for the murder of Lady Barnaby on the 13th of September, Mr. Satterthwaite came out of the old Bailey very thoughtful.

Mr. Satterthwaite was a dapper little man, a student of human nature, and a dramatic critic eternally attending performances of that great play called Life. On the principle that "the looker-on sees most of the game," Mr. Satterthwaite should have seen a good deal, for he was the looker-on *par excellence*. It was, you might say, his profession. A man of means, with excellent social connections, he was at full liberty to indulge his whims in any way he pleased.

A mere murder trial as such, did not attract him. He was of too fastidious a temperament to find interest in the petty details of the average crime. But the Wylde Case had been different. Young Martin Wylde was what is termed a gentleman—and the victim, Sir George Barnaby's young wife, had been personally known to little Mr. Satterthwaite.

He was thinking of all this as he walked up Holborn St., and then plunged into a tangle of mean streets leading in the direction of Soho. In one of these streets there was a small restaurant, known only to the few of whom Mr. Satterthwaite was one. It was not cheap—it was, on the contrary, exceedingly expensive, since it catered exclusively to the palate of the jaded gourmet. It was quiet—no strains of jazz were allowed to disturb the hushed atmosphere—it was rather dark, waiters appeared soft-footedly from out the twilight, bearing silver dishes with the air of participating in some holy rite. The name of the restaurant was The Arlecchine.

Still thoughtful, Mr. Satterthwaite turned into The Arlecchine and made for his favorite table in a recess in the far corner. And it was not

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until he had come quite close through that soft obscurity that he found his table was already occupied by a tall, dark man who sat with his face in the shadow and a play of color from a stained window turning his sober garb to a kind of riotous motley.

Mr. Satterthwaite would have turned back, but at that moment the stranger moved slightly and the other recognized him.

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. Satterthwaite, who was given to old-fashioned expressions. "Why, it's Mr. Quin!"

Twice before he had met Mr. Quin, and each time the meeting had resulted in something a little out of the ordinary. A strange person, this Mr. Quin, with a knack of showing you the things you had known all along in a totally different light.

At once Mr. Satterthwaite felt excited—pleasurably excited. His rôle was that of the looker-on, and he knew it, but sometimes when in the company of Mr. Quin he had the illusion of being an actor—and the principal actor at that.

"This is very pleasant," he said, beaming all over his dried-up little face. "Very pleasant indeed. You've no objection to my joining you, I hope?"

"I shall be delighted," said Mr. Quin. "As you see, I have not yet begun my meal."

A deferential head-waiter hovered up out of the shadows. Mr. Satterthwaite, as befitted a man with a seasoned palate, gave his whole mind to the task of selection. In a few minutes the head waiter, a slight smile of approbation on his lips, retired, and a young satellite began his ministrations. Mr. Satterthwaite turned to Mr. Quin.

"I have just come from the Old Bailey," he began. "A sad business, I thought."

"He was found guilty?" said Mr. Quin.

"Yes, the jury were out only half an hour."

Mr. Quin bowed his head.

"An inevitable result—on the evidence," he said.

"And yet," began Mr. Satterthwaite—and stopped.

Mr. Quin finished the sentence for him.

"And yet your sympathies were with the accused? Is that what you were going to say?"

"I suppose it was. Martin Wylde is a nice-looking young fellow—one can hardly believe it of him. All the same there have been a good many nice-looking young fellows lately who have turned out to be murderers of a particularly cold-blooded and repellent type."

"Too many," said Mr. Quin quietly.

"I beg your pardon?" said Mr. Satterthwaite, slightly startled.

"Too many for Martin Wylde. There has been a tendency from the beginning to regard this as just one more of a series of the same type of crime—a man seeking to free himself from one woman in order to marry another."

"Well," said Mr. Satterthwaite doubtfully. "On the evidence—"

"Ah!" said Mr. Quin quickly, "I am afraid I have not followed all the evidence."

Mr. Satterthwaite's self-confidence came back to him with a rush. He felt a sudden sense of power. He was tempted to be consciously dramatic.

"Let me try and show it to you. I have met the Barnabys, you understand. I know the peculiar circumstances. With me, you will come behind the scenes—you will see the thing from inside."

Mr. Quin leant forward with his quick encouraging smile.

"If anyone can show me that, it will be Mr. Satterthwaite," he murmured.

Mr. Satterthwaite gripped the table with both hands. He was uplifted, carried out of himself. For the moment, he was an artist pure and simple—an artist whose medium was words.

Swiftly, with a dozen broad strokes, he etched in the picture of life at Deering Hill. Sir George Barnaby, elderly, obese, purse proud. A fastidious man who wore gloves at all seasons of the year. A man perpetually fussing over the little things of life. A man who wound up his clocks every Friday afternoon, and who paid his own housekeeping books every Tuesday morning, and who always saw to the locking of his own front door every night. A careful man.

And from Sir George he went on to Lady Barnaby. Here his touch was gentler. He had seen her but once, but his impression of her was definite and lasting. A vivid, defiant creature—pitifully young. "A trapped child," was how he described her. "She hated him, you understand? She had married him before she knew what she was doing. And now—she was desperate." Turning this way and that. She had no money of her own, she was entirely dependent on this elderly husband. But all the same she was a creature at bay—still unsure of her own powers, with a beauty that was as yet more promise than actuality. And she was greedy. Mr. Satterthwaite affirmed that definitely. Side by side with defiance there ran a greedy streak—a clasping and a clutching at life.

"I never met Martin Wylde," continued Mr. Satterthwaite. "But I heard of him. He lived less than a mile away. Farming—that was his line. And she took an interest in farming—or pretended to. If you ask me, it was pretending. I think that she saw in him her only way of escape—and she grabbed at him, greedily, as a child might have done. Well, there could only be one end to that. We know what that end was because the letters were read out in court. He kept her letters—she didn't keep his, but from the text of hers one can see that he was cooling off. He admits as much. There was the other girl. You saw her in court, perhaps. She also lived in the village of Deering Vale. Her father was the doctor there. No, I remember, you said you were not there. I shall have to describe her

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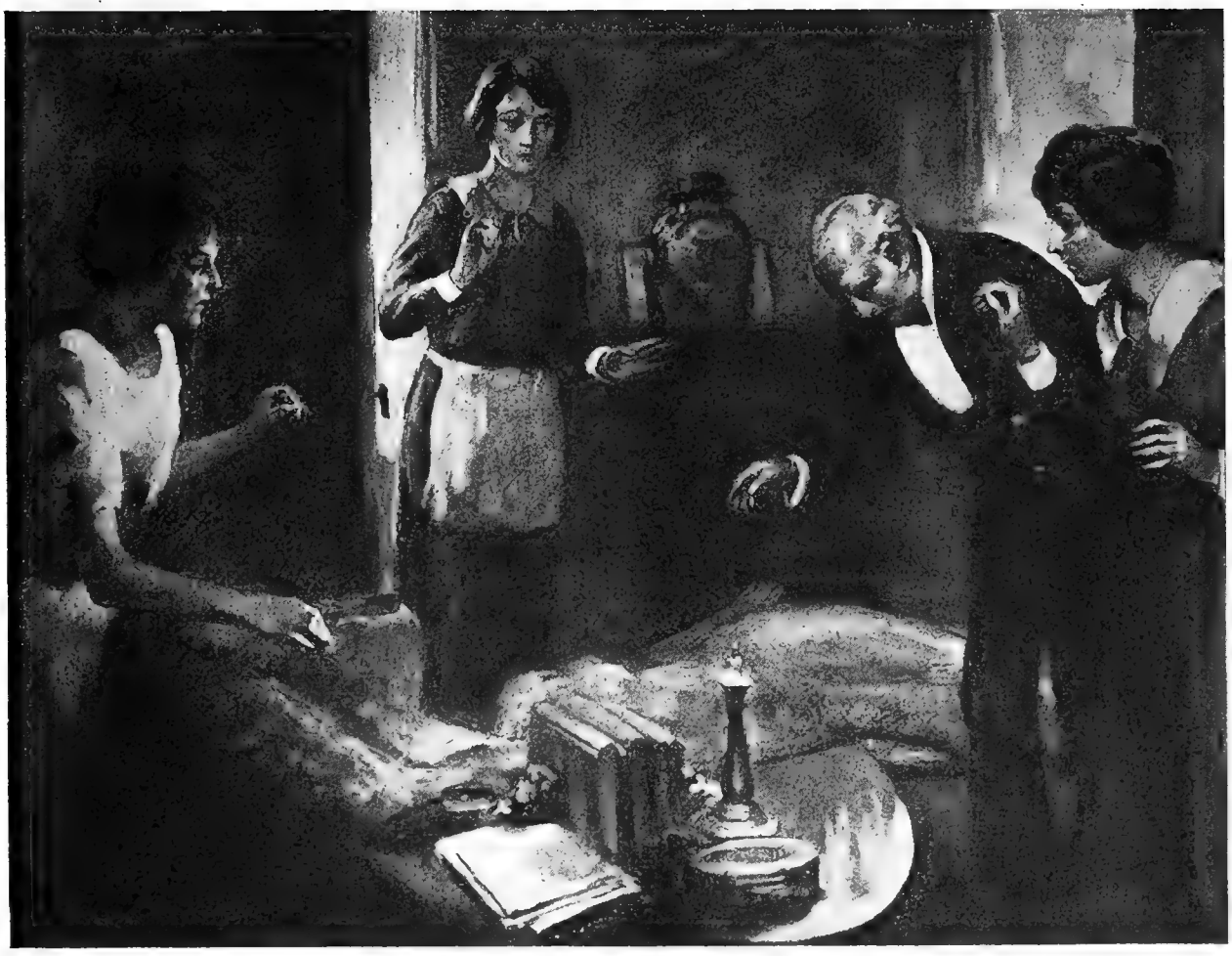

"There she was—shot through the head—and the blood and everything. Horrible!"

to you. A fair girl—very fair. Gentle. Perhaps—yes, she was—a tiny bit stupid. But very restful, you know. And loyal. Above all, loyal."

He looked at Mr. Quin for encouragement, and Mr. Quin gave it him by a slow appreciative smile. Mr. Satterthwaite went on.

"You heard that last letter read—you must have read of it, I mean. The one written on the morning of Friday, Sept. 13th. It was full of desperate reproaches and vague threats, and it ended by begging Martin Wylde to come to Deering Hill that same evening at six o'clock. 'I will leave the side door open for you, so that no one need know you have been here. I shall be in the Music Room.' It was sent by hand."

Mr. Satterthwaite paused for a moment or two.

"When he was first arrested, you remember, Martin Wylde denied that he had been to the house at all that evening. His statement was that he had taken his gun and gone out shooting in the woods. But when the police brought forward their evidence that statement broke down. They had found his finger prints, you remember, both on the wood of the side door and on one of the two cocktail glasses on the table in the Music Room. He admitted then that he had come to see Lady Barnaby, that they had had a stormy interview but that it had ended in his having managed to soothe her down. He swore that he left his gun outside leaning against the wall near the door, and that he left Lady Barnaby alive and well, the time being then a minute or two after a quarter past six. He went straight home, he says. But evidence was called to show that he did not reach his farm until a quarter to seven, and, as I have just mentioned, it is barely a mile away. It would not take half an hour to get there. He forgot all about his gun, he declares. Not a very likely statement—and yet—"

"And yet?" queried Mr. Quin.

"Well," said Mr. Satterthwaite slowly, "it's a possible one, isn't it? Counsel ridiculed the supposition, of course, but I think he was wrong. You see, I've known a good many young men, and these emotional scenes upset them very much—especially the dark, nervous type like Martin Wylde. Women now can go through a scene like that and feel positively better for it afterwards, with all their wits about them. It acts like a safety valve for them, steadies their nerves down and all that. But I can see Martin Wylde going away with his head in a whirl, sick and miserable, and without a thought of the gun he had left leaning against the wall."

(*Continued on page* 56)

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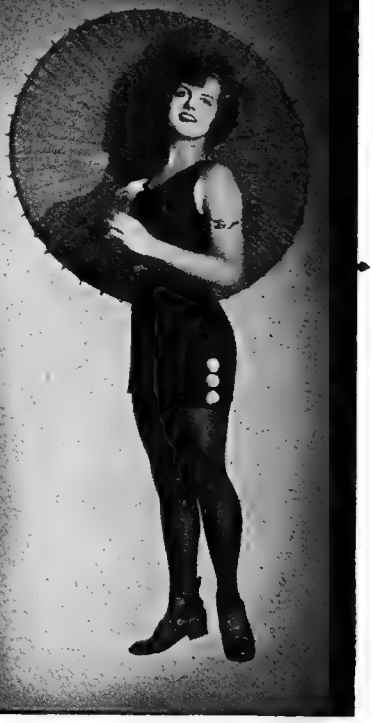


Photos courtesy Coney Island Boardwalk

A Discreet Chaperone

The Summer Beach Police

Beatrice Roberts,"Miss Manhattan

Miss Dorothy Knapp

An Account of Those Whose Mission It Is to "Keep the People Out of Jail"

Interviews with

WILLIAM J. BARRISCALE
Acting Chief of Long Beach

and

Captain T. P. CUMMINGS
28th Precinct, Coney Island

By S. ROGERS

THE "Beachers" are at it again.

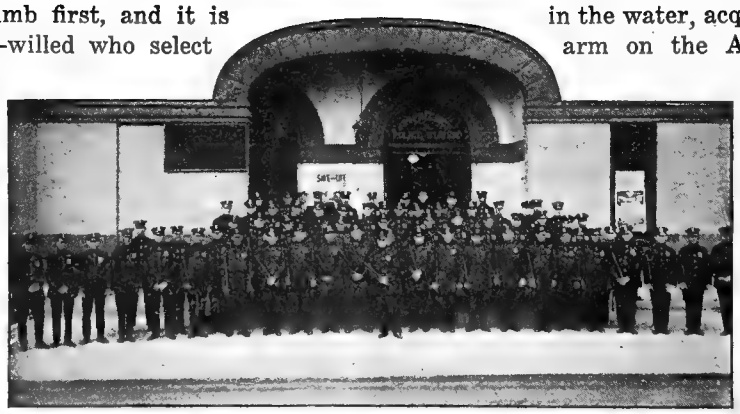
That great unorganized body, "The Ancient and Loyal Order of Summer Gad-Abouts" is once more convening.

From city and hamlet, mountain and vale, come the countless delegations of America's workers pleasure-bent.

After eleven months of restraint, Hazel and Harry, Wilda and Willie can't stand the grind and monotony of the daily routine any longer.

Neptune has sounded his conch-shell trumpet and they must respond.

The weakest succumb first, and it is only the very strong-willed who select the first two weeks in September for their annual vacation. Even those who so elect, seldom actually hold out that long. The third hot Sunday of the season finds them in the surf at whatever resort is nearest their habitat.



A Platoon of Coney Island Police

And, once your Yankee makes up his mind to go, it is usually to go the limit. He feels that he must make up in one day, what he has been denied for the other three hundred and sixty-four.

He may start out with the serious intention of taking it easy, but, before his journey is anywhere near its end, he is forcibly whirled into a maelstrom of gaiety, enthusiasm and levity from which he cannot extricate himself, and would not if he could.

Once he has entered into the spirit of the thing, he sets for himself a Herculean task. In the short space of five or six hours, he has to cavort in the water, acquire a tan, try out his arm on the African Dodger, stuff himself with steamed clams, drown himself in vari-colored "pop", break a dozen clay pipes, win for himself the belle of the beach, and stay aboard the whirling disc in the amusement park longer than any other male in the crowd.

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William J. Barriscale, Acting Chief of Long Beach

Mack Sennett Bathing Girls lending local color

Captain T. P. Cummings, 28th Pct., Coney Island

For some unaccountable reason he believes that he will never pass that way again—certainly not during the current season, so, for once, he's going to do just as he darn pleases—and woe be unto that man or woman who says him "nay".

Now, when 200,000 human beings, intent on the same purpose, meet on a small strip of sand and boardwalk, only a few miles long and no wider than a football gridiron, by the very low of averages someone, eventually, is going to be stepped on. We mean this to be taken actually and figuratively.

Sometime, somewhere, in the course of the day, two of these similarly minded persons are going to rush for the same seat, or be just at the head of the line when the bathing pavilion hangs out the sign "No More Suits."

Likewise, among such a number, a certain percentage of persons is going to be careless, and in a moment of haste or thoughtlessness, leave bottles on the beach. Another fixed percentage of youngsters is going to break these bottles, and still another lot is bound to step on those same bottles and cut their heels, big toes or insteps. It is inevitable.

It is at this juncture that the points of view of the three distinct groups come to variance.

If you happen to be the victim you are justified in complaining, fighting or "telling cops," as you see fit. If, on the other hand, the accident befalls a stranger and he protests — "Heavens, what a crab!"

Thus, in the words of the inimitable Tad, "one thing leads to another," until the well-known old lady from Dubuque interrupts the festivities with the double barrelled shot "it's a terrible affair when decent people can't enjoy a quiet outing" and that "if she had her way they'd both be locked up."

Here, then, you'll admit are all the ingredients for a very excellent argumentative stew—or even a punch, with the officer on beat furnishing the missing "stick."

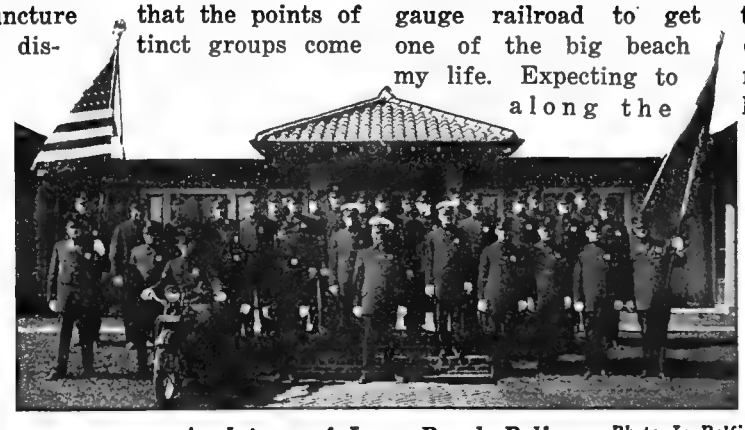
Yet, oddly enough, if you've noticed, nothing ever comes of such affairs. Nobody ever really fights. Nobody is arrested, nobody clubbed.

I've seen it happen time and again.

In a quarter of a century of gallavanting around at beaches and summer resorts from Old Orchard, Me. to Daytona, Fla., with all way stops included, it would have required the most circumspect conduct to avoid a run-in somewhere. And who can be circumspect among crowds at a beach?

Take that never-to-be-forgotten trip to Chesapeake Beach, Md., the rendezvous of perspiring Washingtonians. I had heard much about Chesapeake.

I rode nearly three hours by trolley and narrow gauge railroad to get there—only to receive one of the big beach disappointments of my life. Expecting to find a resort modeled along the lines of those with which I was familiar about New York and New Jersey, I found myself, instead, dumped off in a clump of trees that bordered on a quarter of a mile of a steeply shelving strip of sand,



A platoon of Long Beach Police *Photo Jo Belfi*

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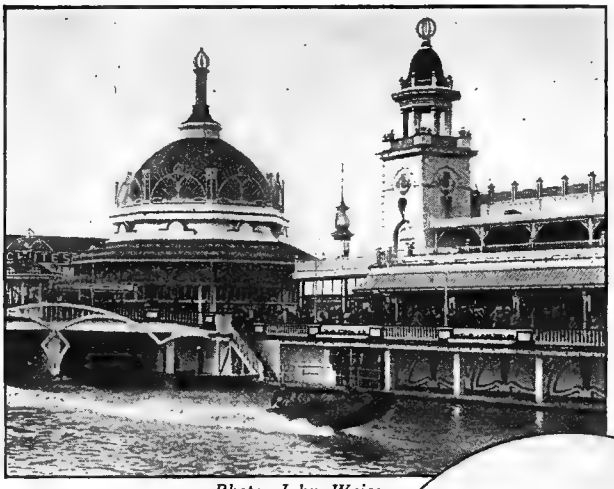


Photo. John Weiss

Shooting the Chutes

on an inlet off Chesapeake Bay.

Thousands were in the water at the time—every man on his allotted two inches—so it seemed.

It was war time—yet the place was to all appearances wide open. Bootleggers hid behind every tree.

In the course of three hours I was jostled, pushed, tread upon, invited to play cards, shoot craps, imbibe liquor, "gimme a kiss," and everything that was contrary to law and the generally accepted standards of beach conduct.

Everybody insisted on my having their idea of a good time.

"It'll be a miracle," I said to "Hip", my host, "if we ever get out of this place alive." But we did, and so did everyone else. While I was always expecting to witness a fight or be precipitated into one, no battles came off. No girl screamed. Perhaps some walked home, but certainly no ambulances arrived. Nobody was s h o t, s t a b b e d, drowned or arrested.

But, man alive! you should have seen those Chesapeake cops. One look from them and you fell dead! Everywhere one goes, they are right with you.

After one hour at Chesapeake you know you must behave.

When one has attempted on a dozen different occasions to find a secret spot for accepting one or all of the previously mentioned invitations to wickedness, only to find upon looking up thirty seconds later, a haunting figure eyeing you suspiciously, you just stop trying, that's all.

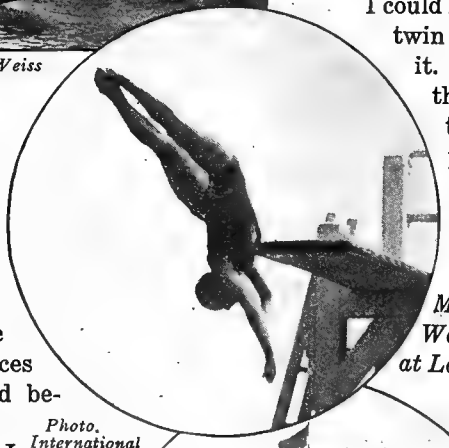
You must have privacy if you would take a nip, or a fling at dice, and at Chesapeake, one soon learns that all the secret hiding places are very thoroughly watched.

You have the sensations of the comic movie character, who, wherever he flees, always encounters his uniformed nemesis.

No sir, Chesapeake is no ordinary beach—and the good behaviour of its visitors is something to conjure with.

Then there was the incident at Long Beach, down on Long Island.

I could have sworn that the girls were sisters—twin Annette Kellermans—and they knew it. "Flo" Ziegfeld would have mortgaged three theatres to secure contracts from them. They had on abbreviated, one-piece bathing suits—one green, the other pure white. Eyes popped wherever they passed, which eventually was by an officer. He leaped upon them like a fish-hawk striking for a smelt. The lily he wrapped up in a spectator's coat—the fair shamrock he allowed to go about her business.



Miss Helen Wainwright at Long Beach

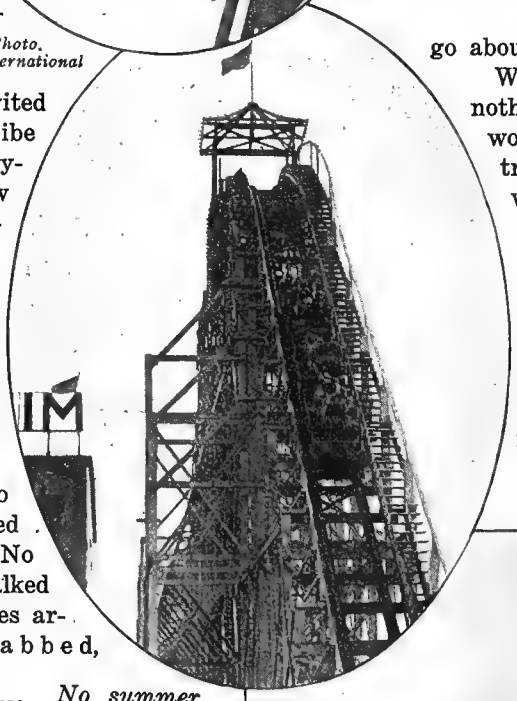
Photo. International

What happened? Absolutely nothing — except that white woolen, when wet, is quite transparent in the sunlight, whereas other colors are not.

Let us pass on.

The next most startling incident that I recall, occurred at a small resort up in Maine. An expert player of the shell game was reaping a harvest from

(*Continued on page* 69)



No summer beach complete without a roller coaster

Photo. John Weiss

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Small part of crowd at Coney

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A Friend of the Family

By AN OLD PATROLMAN

MOST of us agree that America is a great country, though we're not all agreed as to just what makes it so. Some of us think it's the political system, and others maybe argue that its because the land is where it is. After putting in a whole lot of years looking into, and after other folks' business, I've come to the conclusion that it's the American family that's responsible for America being what it is. There may be a lot of policemen who haven't thought of it that way, but if they're of the kind that keeps its mind open, and are willing to think about what they've seen and heard and experienced, I'd like to wager a month's pay most of them would agree with me.

You see, the young person—girl or boy—of today is the citizen of tomorrow. After a policeman has been swinging a nightstick for awhile he begins to divide human kind up into two parts: policemen and citizens. Then awhile after that, he splits the citizens up into some more sections; good and bad, and useful and pests, and safe and dangerous, and worth-while and no-account, and so on. But as he gets his experience, he finds out that the root of the whole business is the family, because it's up to the family, no matter what kind, or whether it's rich or poor, to decide what kind of citizens the next crop is going to be.

Kids go to school, and they're supposed to learn something there that fits them for life, but they spend only a little while in school, and they spend a lot of time at home, so that it's what they learn at home that counts the heaviest.

"You'll be around the streets more than half the hours you're awake," said old Sergeant Cahill to me just after I'd been awarded a new badge and my regulation equipment. "The houses and the stores and the paving stones won't worry you much. It'll be the *people* that you'll be meeting and passing the time of day with, or listening to, or talking to. So get as close to the people as you can. A good cop has to be about half sympathy and the other half horse-sense. If he can boost both halves up to three-quarters he'll be a blamed good cop."

So, as I was saying, the influence that grinds out the American people, is the family. I read once about one family—the Jukes, they were called—that was bad at the tap-roots, and that one family, turned out over seventeen hundred wrong people; bandits, and thieves, and murderers, and all the kinds you can name. They cost the state over a million dollars from one end to another. Just think what it would have meant if that original family had been right instead of wrong!

The policeman doesn't get mixed up with the rich families much. If they have troubles they go to some high-priced lawyer, or just move somewhere else and let the dust settle down. It's the poor folks that the cop contacts with, the kind that "God must have loved because he made so many of them," as the old poet said. Those people have real troubles, and they have to work them out the best way they can. When the job gets too big they call on the man on the beat. He has to be lawyer, and doctor, and judge and jury, and ambulance surgeon and parson, and what not, all rolled into one.

The boy and the girl that get married and start in to raise an American family deserve all the encouragement they can be given, because they have one tough highway ahead of them. I've seen some of the pleasures that go with family life—and there are some, but I've seen the tragedies too, and the policeman is brought into ten of the last to one of the first, and perhaps more than that.

I've helped to straighten out some pretty tough family troubles in my time. Nearly all cities have domestic relations courts nowadays, and whenever I have to attend one of them and see the troubles that are aired there, I can't help but think the cop on the beat might have fixed that up, if he was a sensible cop, or if they'd have given him a chance.

There was one night when a woman with a shawl over her head came clattering down a

(*Continued on page* 81)

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"Had any experience?" Mr. Booth rapped out.

The Alibi

The Story of the Exposure of a National Crime Trust at the Risk of Life and Reputation, by Those Who Had Naught But Honor to Gain

After waiting half an hour in the reception-room of "The Booth Detective Agency," Vance Dane commenced to grow impatient.

"Is Mr. Booth ever going to see me?" he asked a thin nervous-looking clerk who happened to be passing through the room.

"Not being a mind-reader," was the sarcastic reply, "I can't say. Better ask him."

"I would if somebody'd give me the opportunity," said Vance.

Fortunately at that moment hostilities were shattered by the sudden appearance of a pompous office-boy who could not have appeared more important if he had been manager of the Agency.

"Mr. Booth can see you now," he announced.

"That's fine," said Vance. "Glad to know he's had his eyes fixed."

"There's nothing the matter with his eyes," declared the office-boy, a trifle irritably.

"If he chooses his own clerks there must be," Vance reflected, but he had the grace not to make this observation audible.

Mr. Barton Booth sat at his desk reading a stack of mail as Vance entered. He was very large and very well-dressed. He wore glasses, from which hung a slender black silk tape which somehow made his appearance rather effeminate. His clear pink and white skin emphasized the suggestion. But his firm jaw was a contradiction and his eyes were bright and penetrating. His hair was gray, almost white, giving him an air of distinction. Even so, he was not a man whom one would have turned to look at on the street for any particular reason unless it were because of his great bulk. He was enormous. Vance chuckled inwardly as he reflected that evidently Barton Booth ate a couple of whales every morning for breakfast, washed down by a lake of coffee.

Mr. Booth sat on his chair as if it were a throne. As Vance observed this he realized whom the office-boy was aping.

"Sit down," Mr. Booth said curtly.

Without a word Vance did so.

"Had any experience?" Mr. Booth rapped out. He did not even glance up.

Vance struggled to suppress his temper. He was not used to being treated so rudely.

"That depends on what kind of experience you mean," said he. "Everyone that lives, has experience of some sort. A baby has experience sucking a bottle, a fool has experience aping a king, a clerk has experience aping a fool."

Mr. Booth glanced up. He was surprised. "Are you trying to be funny?" he demanded.

"Some of us are funny without trying to be," declared Vance.

"Your humour makes no impression upon me."

"Surely you cannot blame me for that."

Mr. Booth laughed heartily. "Do you know," he said, "I rather like you?"

"I wish I could return the compliment," replied Vance, "but so far I cannot do so."

"I think," continued Barton Booth, "that you are just the man I am looking for."

"Well, I have my doubts whether or not you are the boss I'm looking for."

"Cut out the nonsense," said Mr. Booth. "I'm a busy man."

"Well, I'm not. That's why I'm here to see you about a position."

"Ever done anything in the detective line before?"

"Nothing to speak of. For the last seven years I was a house detective in a department store in Pittsburgh. They fired me because the folks there are too honest. Nobody ever stole a thing. I was supposed to be guarding the store against thieves and there didn't seem to be any thieves to guard it against. I was almost as badly off as a minister without a congregation. If I'd had any sense I could have imported a few crooks to hold up the store occasionally. Then I'd have kept my job."

Mr. Booth smiled. He drummed nervously upon

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¶ A bony hand came stealing uncannily toward his pocket . . . it felt cold and clammy . . . the hand slunk over his body like a slimy snake.

"Everyone that lives, has experience of some sort . . . a fool has experience aping a king, a clerk has experience aping a fool."

By FRANK OWEN

Illustrated by EUGENE M. FRANDZEN

his desk. At last he said abruptly, "I'm going to give you a chance. You can start working for me tonight. I have a very important case on hand. There is a great deal of money involved. I must have a man on whom I can absolutely rely, a man who can take instructions, and more important still, who can carry them out no matter how much physical discomfort is involved."

As he spoke he commenced rummaging through his papers. "Here's what I want," he said at last. "Do you know where South Street is?"

Vance replied in the affirmative.

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Booth. "That will simplify matters greatly. I want you to go to this number on South Street at nine o'clock tonight. You will find there a four-story building, evidently a warehouse, all in darkness. At the side of the building there is a narrow alley leading to an areaway in the back. Go through this alley and in the rear you will find a small window, which will open as you push it. Climb through the window and wait there until I come. Be sure you do not strike a match. To do so would be virtual suicide. And whatever you do, wait for me, no matter how long it takes me to join you. Promise me that you will wait."

"I promise," said Vance, extremely pleased with his appointment. There was nothing on earth he desired more and besides the suggestion of adventure and mystery appealed to him.

At nine o'clock that night he turned into South Street. The water-front was deserted and as he walked along he did not meet a single person except one lone policeman who was dolefully whistling a bit of a tune. As Vance walked along his footsteps echoed so sonorously it sounded as if he were being followed by an entire squad of night-prowlers. Finally he arrived at the building to which Barton Booth had sent him. It was in one of the darkest sections of the street and the black, yawning alley at the side could not have appeared more sinister.

He crept slowly down the alley with his hands outstretched before him. He could not see a foot ahead of him and so he was very cautious. But his caution was in vain, for he tripped over some protruding object and fell headlong with such force that he was almost stunned. For a brief moment he imagined that he had been struck on the head by some unseen assailant and he crouched without moving, every nerve alert. Then his better judgment reasserted itself and he realized what had befallen him. His head ached dully as he rose to his feet and continued down the alley. At length he arrived at the window in the back of the building. When he pressed his hand against it, it yielded easily, even as Barton Booth had said. To climb through the window was but the work of a moment.

Within the walls, it was, if possible, even blacker than outside. He had not the faintest idea where he was, whether he was in a factory, a warehouse, or a private dwelling, though of course the location of the building made the latter unlikely. He was afraid that if he left the immediate vicinity of the window he would be unable to find his way back. Mr. Booth had cautioned him about striking a match. He therefore decided that he would sit beside the window. He groped about in the dark until he at last found what he felt was a packing case. This he used for a chair, and a very uncomfortable one it proved to be. He never fully appreciated how many sharp corners a packing case has until that moment.

Seated there in the darkness, he tried to figure out what type of mystery he was about to unravel. He had no idea what time it was, and the hours dragged by like years.

Suddenly he sat bolt upright. He imagined he had heard a door close somewhere on the floor above. For a moment he listened. Perhaps Barton Booth had arrived. Then it occurred to him that Mr. Booth could not arrive through the upper rooms unless he came by aeroplane. He must have been dreaming, probably dozing. Even as the decision came to him, a door creaked again. It sounded as

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if several persons were creeping cautiously about in the rooms above. So intent was he on making no sound he scarcely breathed. He was thrilled. Mystery and excitement were tonics to him. When sufficiently aroused he absolutely lacked fear. And it was well he did, for the few moments that immediately followed were nerve-racking, to say the least.

Now someone was coming down the stairs, uncarpeted stairs, evidently—to judge by the creaking boards. Vance had no idea in what direction the stairs lay. It was utterly black, so black it seemed as if he were enveloped in coils of thick black velvet. He stared intensely about him, but nothing was visible except the distorted shapes which imagination always conjures up in dark places. Blackness is almost as hard on the eyes as sun-glare. Once he thought he saw a pair of glittering eyes glowing in the dark, but immediately they disappeared. Still the sounds of footfalls came toward him. He huddled against the wall, wondering if his presence would be discovered. He imagined that someone was standing over him, gazing down upon him, in the velvet shroud. He felt like striking a match to behold his opponent but he was sufficiently schooled in his profession not to give way to his feelings. Nor did he move as a bony hand came stealing uncannily toward his pocket. As it brushed his hand it felt cold and clammy. He could have clutched it if he had so desired but he decided not to do so. It was an interesting moment despite the weird character of it. The hand slunk over his body, like a slimy snake. The next moment it had drawn his revolver from his side pocket. Even then he did not move. He smiled slightly as he reflected that it was empty in any case. He carried it purposely so. Nor did he mind having it stolen, since he had a loaded one in his side pocket. When he was sure it was safe to do so, he felt in his side pocket. In place of the revolver he found a breast-pin of some sort. He could not examine it in the darkness but he knew it was a pin (to his sorrow!) for he had jabbed his finger with it. At that moment some warm drops trickled down over his forehead. Evidently a pipe was leaking somewhere above his head. He took out his handkerchief and wiped the moisture away.

As he did so there came a cry, a cry of fear, a cry so horrible that it scarcely seemed human. It had come from the floor above. Impulsively he struck a match. It was a foolish thing for him to do, a great risk but he took it. By its feeble light he saw that he was in a warehouse of some sort, for there were barrels and huge packing-cases piled up almost to the ceiling in every direction. In a far corner he beheld the stairs. Then the match flickered out, just as the screams came again.

He rushed for the stairs. At the foot he hesitated for a second only, then he ascended cautiously. The hall above was in darkness, but at the farther end there was a crack of light. It shone from a room the door of which was slightly ajar. From within came the sound of moans. Unceremoniously he flung open the door and as he stepped into the room, evidently an office, he noticed that it was lighted by the feeble rays of a half-burned candle. On the floor lay the body of a man. Vance dropped to his knees and gazed into the white, bloodless face of the stranger.

He leaned over him until he was sure he was beyond medical aid, then he commenced to think of his own unenviable position. He was in a building in which a murderer, possibly two or three, lay in hiding. Even now they might be watching him from some unseen position. As the thought occurred to him, he glanced up quickly to behold a beautiful blonde girl standing in the doorway. She looked at him as blandly, as unconcernedly, as though she had known him for years. She seemed about to speak, but was prevented by a sudden commotion on the stairs below. Instantly she whipped out a revolver and commanded Vance to throw up his hands. He obeyed her without the slightest objection, an odd smile playing about the corners of his mouth.

In that moment half-a-dozen burly policemen stood in the doorway. The sergeant in charge slipped a pair of handcuffs on Vance while several of the officers commenced to search him. In his pocket, they found a blood-stained handkerchief. Vance looked at it, horrified. He remembered the warm water that had dripped onto his face, as he supposed, from a leaking pipe. They also found an emerald brooch.

When the search was completed the sergeant turned to the girl. She presented an enigma to him. Just where did she fit in in this puzzle? Someone had notified the police that extraordinary proceedings were scheduled for the sinister building on South Street that night. Had it been this girl, and if so, had she double-crossed her pals? How to proceed was a delicate question.

At last he turned to her. "What business brought you here tonight?" he asked quickly.

She smiled at him. It was an intriguing smile that could not be fathomed. But it was an honest smile. Abruptly he decided that whatever this girl was, she was not a crook.

II.

Some surprising incidents occurred at Vance Dane's trial.

Vance had refused to treat the charge of murder seriously. He had declared that it would be quite an easy matter for him to establish a perfect abili for his presence in the building. He told how he had been employed by Barton Booth and that he had been instructed to meet Mr. Booth in the South Street building.

When Mr. Booth was called to the witness box, he denied the story. Well-dressed and pompous, he

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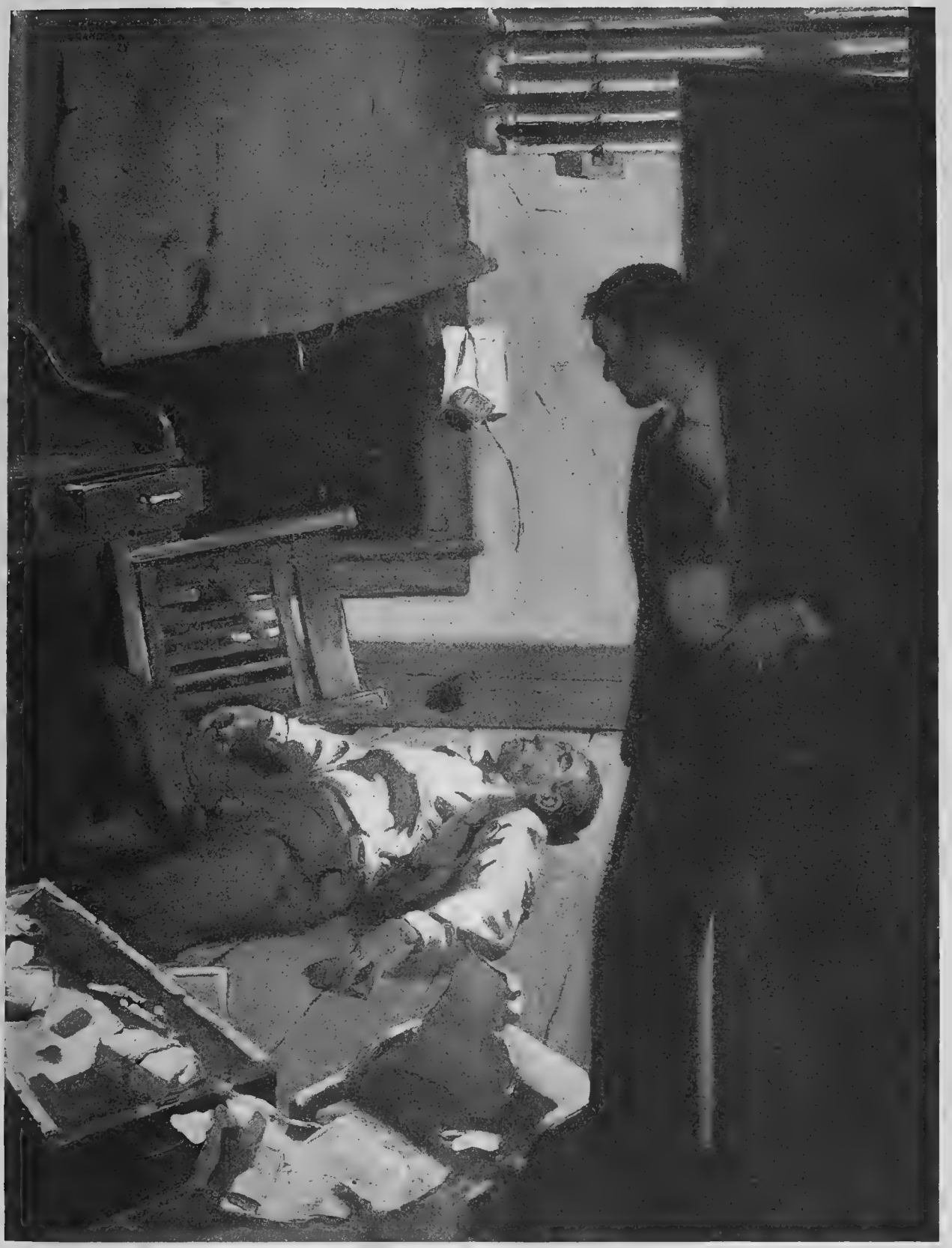

He flung open the door. On the floor lay the body of a man. Vance gazed into the white, bloodless face.

blandly swore that he had never before met Vance Dane in his life.

It was a surprising oath, bare-faced perjury. Mr. Booth was head of a detective agency, a successful agency with branches in Pittsburgh and Chicago, yet he was jeopardizing an enormous and lucrative business to tell lies, for which there seemed no reason.

Ernest Hartley, attorney for the defence, who

(*Continued on page* 94)

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¶Men of unquestioned culture, refinement and artistic genius are found in the very forefront of infamous miscreants.

Master Francois Villon . . . a ne'er-do-well who haunted the highways and byways of Paris, brawling, wenching, lock picking, thieving and cheating

He had intervals of remorse when he would burst into pitiful ballads and songs which have been called "The Enchanted Wonderland of French Poetry."

Crime and Culture

An Investigation Into the Records of Spectacular Historical Characters Which Will Leave Little Doubt in the Reader's Mind of the Extent to Which the Brilliance of Their Accomplishments Mitigates the Odium of Their Misdemeanors

By M. JAY RACUSIN

Illustrated with reproductions of old paintings and plates

THE propensity to crime and the nature of the mysterious springs that frequently impel ordinarily normal and law-abiding personalities to violent and fiendish lapses from the social code have ever possessed an indescribable fascination for the human mind throughout the ages. But no phase of criminality, perhaps, possesses such qualities of interest and wonder as the spectacle of the man of artistic preeminence and intellectual power who is at the same time an unmitigated scoundrel.

It is only too commonly supposed that criminal acts, or offences against the statutes, imply a low order of mentality. It is taken for granted that the offender is unlettered and untutored, and his misdeeds are charged up to rawness of intellect, to a lack of the sense of right and wrong, ignorance of the true values of life and its material concomitants.

Casanova, one of history's greatest rakes and impostors

The fact is, men of unquestioned culture, refinement and artistic genius are found in the very forefront of infamous miscreants. From this it may be easily observed that criminality can be found all along a vertical line of social and mental stature. It is not, as is frequently supposed, confined to any single stratum of life.

In the case of the rascal of superior intellect, with a mind that has been given every advantage of training and education, and whose gifts frequently rank him among artistic geniuses, the process of deduction as to motives and impelling influences is far from simple. It is the extraordinary attitude of an apparently powerful mind that is the baffling and enthralling thing here, and that on occasion has arrested the attention of the entire

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world. The pages of history, art, science, literature and the professions can furnish instance after instance. Let us consider some outstanding exemplars in this fascinating category.

Who has not heard of the roistering Francois Villon, that mean little thief and highwayman of 15th century Paris, that companion of wastrels and pickpockets, the gang-leader twice condemned to death for varied offenses, yet whose lofty flights of poesy have earned him the title of "Father of French Poetry"?

Benvenuto Cellini . . . was an artist by inclination . . . but at heart . . . a brawler and a swashbuckler.

And there is that terrific braggart, Benvenuto Cellini, of Italian Renaissance fame, the finest goldsmith and one of the greatest sculptors of his time, the friend and companion of kings, popes, dukes, artists, cardinals and courtiers, a man of wide education and fancy who has given the world one of its greatest autobiographies—and withal one of the most notorious scoundrels and cut-throats of his or any other day, a thief, a cool murderer, and a brawler and swashbuckler if there ever was one.

Then there is the suave and witty Casanova, the famed Italian scholar and poet, adventurer and author of famous memoirs, the "man who knew women" they called him, the feted guest of Voltaire, Cardinal Bemis and Madame de Pompadour, yet who had that curious blend of rectitude and unscrupulousness that launched him out upon life as a priest, and sent him swirling along in a phantasmagoria of gambling, swindling, duping, intrigue and crime, finally to drop him, a miserable convict, into the fearsome Venetian dungeon of the Palace of the Doges.

But probably the most amazing example in recent times of this strange mixture of culture and perversity is Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, artist and literateur and, as he himself says, the companion of poets, philosophers, artists, musicians—yet who was a forger and who had no less than four murders to his credit.

Of lesser lights in crime, men of pronounced mental calibre whose misdemeanors were solitary or were prompted by moments of passion, there seems to be no end. We refer to characters like Paul Verlaine, the great French lyric poet, son of one of Napoleon's engineers, who served a two-year term in jail for twice attempting the murder of one of his most intimate literary friends, Jean Arthur Rimbaud. Jealousy of Rimbaud's fame and genius, said some. Resentment at too many disclosures pertaining to Verlaine's life by Rimbaud, said others.

We refer to Tasso, the famed Italian poet, who was imprisoned for attacking a serving-man with a knife.

To our own O. Henry, famous short-story writer, who served a prison term for misappropriation of bank funds.

To Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, who attacked his housekeeper so roughly that he broke her arm and was convicted and fined therefor.

And to Baudelaire, the rare French lyricist of the "Flowers of Evil" and the sponsor for Poe in France, who attempted to strangle his mother's second husband, and whose rage in this instance has been likened to the profoundly distressing mental experience of Hamlet.

Let us take a closer look at Master Francois Villon. A ne'er-do-well who haunted the highways and byways of Paris, brawling, wenching, lock-picking, thieving and cheating for the purpose, he tells us, to amuse and succor his unsavory comrades-in-roguery. He had intervals of remorse when he would burst into pitiful ballads and songs which have been called "the enchanted wonderland of French poetry."

Col. Francis Charteris, a voluptuary and Libertine par excellence.

Little of a definite nature is known of this strange admixture of rascality and genius. He was born a de Montcorbier in the year 1431, within a few days of the martyrdom of Joan of Arc, and assumed the name of Villon as that of a life-long patron and protector. He attended the courses of the University of Paris and took his degree as Master of Arts. Beyond this of his more estimable existence, we know virtually nothing.

On the other side of the picture we can observe with greater amplitude that he had

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been twice condemned to death for unknown offenses, that his companions and acquaintances were of the lowest and most disreputable character, that he "wasted his youth in riot and debauchery, and scrupled not to resort to the meanest and most revolting expedients to furnish forth that life of alternate lewd plenty, and sheer starvation, which he preferred to the decent dullness of a middle class life." He owed his immunity in the early stages of his infamy to the intervention of influential protectors who had been attracted by his eminent literary merits.

It was during the years following his matriculation at the University, we are told, that Villon contracted those disreputable acquaintances which kept him in a perpetual turmoil of debauchery and crime. Among his bosom friends were such eminent scamps as Rene de Montigny and Colin de Cayeulx, both of whom attained to the distinction of "dying upright in the sun," as Villon softly puts it in his verse. And as for his women associates, we need only mention the name of Huguette du Hamel, Abbess of Port Royal, as shining a light of depravity as can be found in all French history.

Of a good family and holding a rich abbacy, this abbess early distinguished herself by leading a life of unbridled licentiousness, associating with all the lewd characters of her time, frequenting notorious resorts in male attire, brawling and fighting in the streets, holding orgies in the convent itself, and selling the nuns under her control for the purpose of prostitution. So notorious were her excesses and misconduct in Paris, that she became the subject of a satirical popular song, whose author she caused to be beaten to death. She was finally imprisoned, deprived of her abbey, and gave up the ghost through the lowest depths of degradation.

Villon's ballads abound in allusions to wineshops, rogues, and *"femmes folles de leur corps"* (women fond of their bodies), and he owns to having been "amorous, a drunkard, a spendthrift, a gambler," with no other thought than to satisfy his own debased desires.

With what strange pride he tells us how he and one of his light o' loves lived at the expense of a Parisian barber for a week, how he tricked this merchant out of bread, that one out of wine, and another of roast meat! What a chuckle he heaves at the misfortune of the proprietor of the Fir Apple, from whom he confesses in his "Greater Testament" to having stolen fourteen hogshead of wine! Villon jocularly offers to pay the owner, but adds slyly, "if he find out my lodging he'll be wiser than any wizard."

All in all, says an anonymous author in a famous poem of the time on Villon's rascalities, "In swindling behind and before, he was a most diligent man." Indeed, his name became the symbol of sharp practices and the word "villonerie" was long used as a general term for crookedness.

His career of crime reached its climax with the death of a priest who had been struck on the head with a stone thrown by Villon, in a brawl over a girl. The poet fled, but returned later and is known to have been involved in at least three burglaries following his reappearance in the French capital, one of which was the rifling of the treasury of the College of Navarre. He and his band were then betrayed by one of their associates in his cups. Villon was exiled.

From this exile he returned, completely broken in health. About 1461, upon completion of the "Greater Testament," his best poetical work, his name drifts out of the annals of the time. It is supposed he died shortly thereafter a wretched creature, paying the natural toll of a debauched and roguish career.

It has been stated that Francois could boast of friendships of a better stamp among the students, gallants, and political powers of the day, and while his ecstatic and profound poetical genius was esteemed by a discerning few, his recognition as one of the major poets of France did not come until decades after his death.

Albeit he came a little time later, we may place beside this picture of Francois that of James Maclaine. "Mr." they titled him, and honored him with the appelation of "gentleman highwayman," if such a scamp can appropriately be called a gentleman. Although a scoundrel fully the equal of Villon, Maclaine occupies a lower rung in the ladder of intellectual power. He had no attributes of culture or mental capacity, yet the chroniclers of his misdeeds would paint him as an engaging character of handsome mien and cavalier manners, and would throw a halo of romance and gallantry about his crimes, because, it seems, he refrained from cutting the throats of his victims in addition to stealing their possessions.

Born in 1724 at Monaghan, Ireland, the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, Maclaine was intended for a mercantile career, but his father died when he was eighteen years old, and James gave rein to his bent by immediately taking possession of the family's small inheritance and applying it to his own purposes to the exclusion of other members of his family. His contempt for learning he at once displayed by selling his father's books, and his vanity by the purchase of a gay coat and gelding.

Thus he began his career as a squire of dames. From now on things fairly hummed for "gentleman" James. He decided upon the idea of marrying a rich girl, went to Dublin, was unsuccessful and had to take service as a lackey and butler, to obtain food and lodging. He robbed his masters and fled to London. He fell in with a lady

(*Continued on page* 88)

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¶ A long shadow rose suddenly high in the air. At its top something gleamed wickedly in the faint illumination.

The sash slid noiselessly upward as Monte slipped through into the little room which he knew lay between Nina's chamber and the hall.

The Pink Spot

A Story of a Cold-Blooded Murderer's Wierd Attempt to Conceal His Plot Beneath the Cloak of Science

By GEORGE F. PEABODY

Illustrated by H. WINFIELD SCOTT

ACROSS the city editor's desk two men sat staring at each other.

"What do you make of it, Monte?" asked the editor, indicating the letter the younger man held.

Monte Blair was quick and emphatic, also brief, in his reply.

"Crazy!" he spat out.

Jim Edson drummed on the desk top. "N-no," he drawled, "I don't think so. Dr. Werton is a national authority on cellular activity. Peculiar fellow, yes; but these scientific chaps often are. Read that letter again."

The young detective from headquarters whom the editor had particularly requested, straightened out the paper and read:

"Mr. James Edson,
Editor of The News, City.
Dear Sir:

Three years ago you were kind enough to publish some of my ideas relative to the eventual discovery of the perfect food for man. A food that would so nourish and sustain the body that decay by reason of age would be overcome and death could be brought about only through the introduction of outside agencies.

My dear sir, that food has been found. And not only does it do the things I hoped for, it goes far beyond that. In a word, my discovery will make it possible for man to live *forever*, unless he meets with an accident severe enough to cause death.

A demonstration before a number of the most prominent physicians in the city has been arranged for this evening at eight o'clock. I should like to have your Mr. Blair present. No other representatives of the press will be asked.

Thanking you for past kindness, I am,
Most sincerely yours,
Dr. H. T. Werton."

Edson leaned forward across the desk, and for emphasis tapped its blotter pad with his big, blue pencil.

"Monte, Dr. Werton is a big man. One of two things is true about this; either he's really made a great discovery, or he's playing a monstrous game. Either way it means a big story for us and if it isn't on the level you folks at headquarters will be even more interested than we are."

"All right," agreed Blair, "but I think that you're off the track altogether, Jim. I believe the old boy's worked on this thing till he's gone off his onion."

But Jim shook his head. "Do you want to look over that interview you had with him three years ago?" he asked. "The interview you had, before you quit playing at being a detective while you were with the sheet, and took to working at it in earnest in the department."

"No! I remember him perfectly. He's the sort one doesn't forget. Moved here ten or a dozen years ago from out west somewhere. Lives in a whopping big house with the whole top floor turned into a laboratory. Had a young and sickly niece living with him then. Never practiced any here, but has devoted all his time to scientific research. Belongs to all the medical societies, writes an article now and then on foods and cellular decay. Stands well in the profession. Rather eccentric but a thinker, I guess — or he was."

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"That's it," smiled Edson. Blair's memory was a miracle to the editor. "Now hike and let us have something good for the first edition, even if there isn't anything in it of interest to the police. Remember, the old boy said only one press representative and unless you take care of us while you're investigating, we'll miss the story."

"You'll have your scoop, all right," promised Monte as he arose and left the room, inwardly chuckling to find the suspicions which he himself had unobtrusively planted in the editor bearing fruit so satisfactorily. Not only had the department been informed, but the editor actually believed it to be his own idea.

At Dr. Werton's big gloomy house, the reporter found the guests already assembled and was shown at once to the laboratory.

* * *

Monte was struck by the extent to which the doctor had aged in the past three years. His hair was white and his strong face was lined and seamed. There seemed to be just the slightest droop to his shoulders, but the deep, husky voice was the same. Still, Blair could not help thinking the doctor had himself better be taking some of the new-found food. At one end of the laboratory a number of chairs were arranged about a small iron table and upon that sat a retort half filled with an amber colored liquid. Beside the retort was a small parcel-post package.

The doctor seated them all and then excused himself. In a moment he was back, and behind him came the loveliest girl Monte had ever seen. Her hair was a dark ruffled cloud. Her eyes, too, were dark, large and lustrous, but seemingly with a light too heavy and serious to be compatible with the piquancy of the slightly tilted nose, the curved red lips fashioned for laughter, the dimpled cheeks and chin. Her neck and shoulders were as must have been the vivified marble of Pygmalion. The doctor introduced her.

"Gentlemen, this is my niece, Miss Nina Werton, the daughter of my brother, who died when she was but a child. Mr. Blair, I believe, met Nina some three years ago. I am glad he is here, since he will be able to vouch for what I have to say regarding her development."

"Miss Nina was born puny and weak, of a tubercular mother who died within a year afterwards. The baby girl's health was always precarious, and no one expected her to reach maturity. How she managed the struggle I cannot say.

"After her father died and left her in my care, since I am her only living relative, I engaged a nurse for her and by arranging and giving the various treatments which are familiar to all of you, tried to rebuild the frail body. But as time went on and she seemed not to respond to any of the standard treatments, I grew more perplexed and the case became a passion with me.

"Can't you see it Jim?

"At last I came to the conclusion that, since her organs were all about normal, the trouble *must* be in the diet. Her body did not get from food the elements needed. But exhaustive efforts along this line had also failed. And there it was, gentleman, I got my idea for the years of research I have done among you. I had reached the conclusion that somewhere in the girl's body there must be a poison factory manufacturing poisons which neutralized the effects of both food and medicine.

"Starting with this idea I began exhaustive studies of cellular and gland activities. In a word what I found was that the cells themselves have vastly more to do with life and health than has been heretofore supposed and that they can, and do, generate poisons which tend to counteract the work of both food and medicine, at the same time hastening the decay of the cells and thus impairing the health of the whole organism. This being established, my work has been to find a way of overcoming these insidious poisons."

The doctors were all attention now, but Monte

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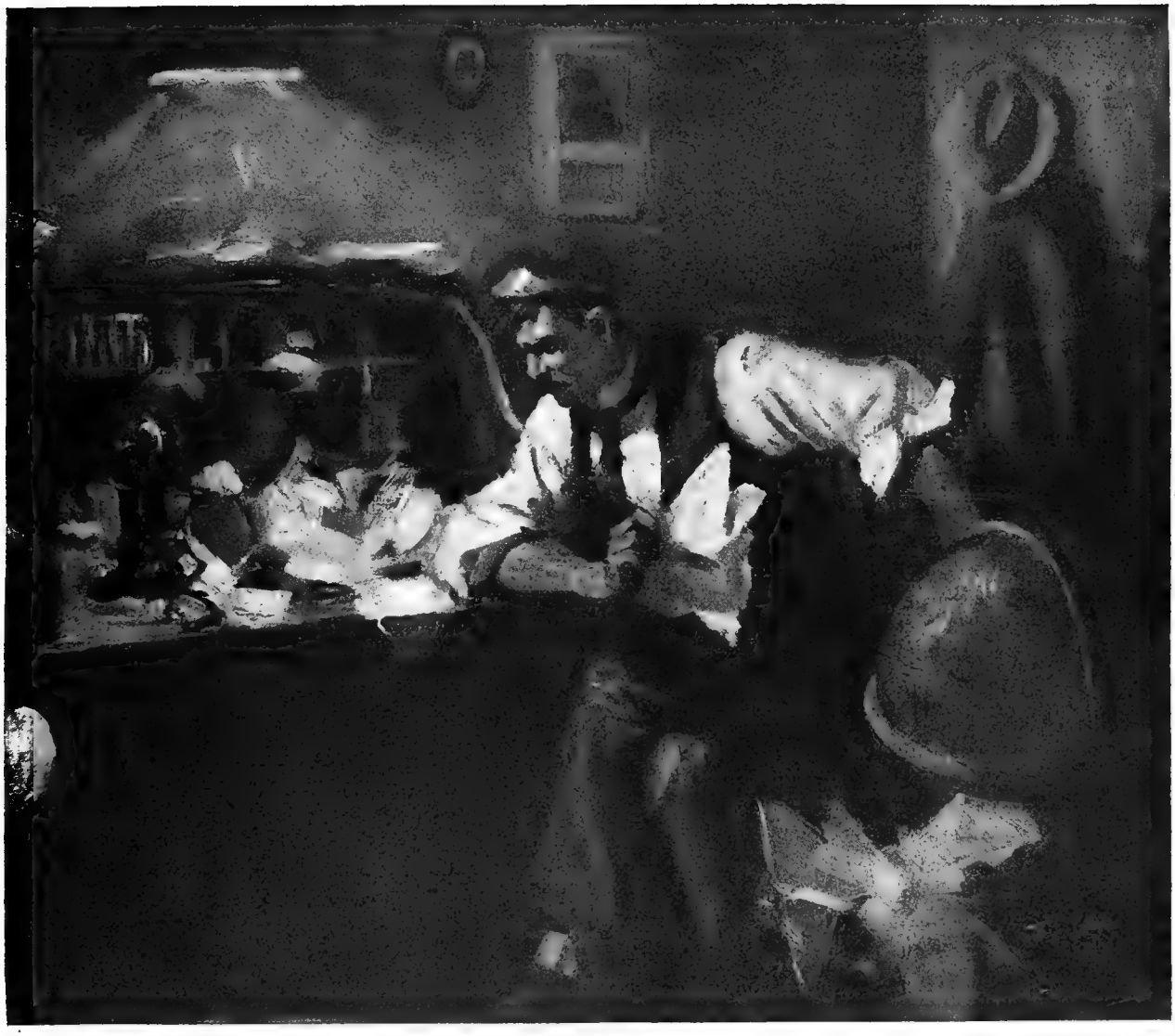

It means that TONIGHT is the night! We may be too late."

Blair was looking at Nina and perhaps that explains why he later had such a time making out the shorthand notes which he more or less punctiliously kept for his former sheet. The girl stood leaning with easy grace against the iron table, watching Doctor Werton's face, her sparkling eyes filled with pride. The doctor continued:

"I began experiments with rats, cats and guinea pigs. Isolating cells, tissues and vital organs, I made thousands of tests with various foods, drugs, mineral salts, serums, etc. Then I worked on living animals and at last was able to bring about in a guinea pig the counterpart of what was going on in the body of little Nina. That one died. Hundreds more died. But after innumerable experiments I was able, finally, to discover a food which restored one of the little animals to health again."

Turning to a box set upon rollers, Dr. Werton whirled it around to face the doctors. It was partitioned into pens. On one side were three undersized, sickly looking guinea pigs lying stretched out with barely life enough left to move. On the other side were three nearly twice as large and bubbling over with energy.

"All the same age," commented Dr. Werton. "The three sickly ones have a bad case of cellular poisoning. The other three also had it until three weeks ago. Now they will live on indefinitely as you see them."

The doctor's audience, thoroughly interested now, in fascination watched the scientist as he held the retort of amber liquid before their eyes. "Here, gentlemen, is all there is left of the world's first perfect food. After noting its effect on the pigs I began giving it to my niece, Miss Nina, here. I leave you to judge the result." He smiled. It was evident the guests approved. The doctor continued: "But now, gentlemen, we come to the spectacular part of this demonstration. I propose to show you, prove to you, that I have mastered death!" There was a noise of breath being drawn in sharply with astonishment. In unison the visitors leaned forward.

Turning to the table the doctor took up the small

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parcel-post package. "Mr. Blair," he asked, "will you be so kind as to help me with this?" Monte jumped with alacrity.

"Now, then," continued the doctor, "if you will open this, please." Monte did so and revealed a small vial containing cyanide of potassium tablets put up by the well-known house of Wm. DeMuth and Sons, of Philadelphia.

"Kindly pass them around to the physicians," directed the doctor. "You will note, gentlemen, that the vial is carefully sealed just as it left the chemists. I ordered it expressly for this occasion." Each one looked and saw that it was so. When the vial came back to his hands the doctor went on:

"Now we will open them and determine whether or not the tablets are effective." So saying he broke the seal, poured several of the tiny wafers into the palm of his hand, selected one and poured the others back. Then capturing one of the sickly guinea pigs he dropped the tablet down its throat. The little animal gave a few spasmodic kicks and in a couple of minutes was dead.

"There," said the doctor, and Monte noted that his eyes began to sparkle, "that indicates that the tablets are genuine enough, does it not, gentlemen?" They all agreed that it did. Werton smiled.

"Good! Now I will prove to you that any organism supplementing a wisely chosen diet with this perfect food is able to neutralize and render harmless the deadliest poisons known to man! Which of you will select and place one of these tablets in Miss Nina's mouth?"

A gasp half way between amazement and horror went round the room. The girl faced them, smiling, but not a man stirred or spoke. While the astonishing assertion had startled them, the sensational proposal in the way of proof numbed them. Monte stood beside the girl, his eyes popping out, his mouth open, and his arm half raised to prevent anybody who might offer.

The doctor waited expectantly. No one spoke. No one moved. Presently he said, "Will none of you volunteer?"

Dr. Pyker found his voice. "Is it necessary that we experiment on her, doctor? Would not one of the animals do just as well?"

"I have none fed a sufficient length of time, and besides I wish to demonstrate here tonight what can be done with human beings," replied Dr. Werton. "You need have no fear. Miss Nina has eaten everything from arsenic to prussic acid. But I can understand your reluctance, so if you are not averse to looking on I will give it to her myself." He turned to pick up the vial but Monte had it and was bending a fascinated look on the concentrated death he had spilled out in the palm of his hand.

"Like to try one?" queried the doctor, smiling.

"Lord, no!" exploded Monte. "And that isn't half of it. I don't want this young lady to try one, either."

"Oh, I am not afraid," said she, speaking for the first time, and Blair got a thrill from the rich quality of her voice.

"Please don't," he begged.

There was music in the soft, throaty laugh which constituted her only answer.

Dr. Werton interrupted. "All right, ready?" came his brusque voice. He held a tablet poised between thumb and finger. "Get your watches out, gentlemen," he went on, smiling. "In three minutes she should be dead!"

"For God's sake, stop him!" shouted Dr. Pyker, the full importance of the act striking him. Monte jumped, but too late, the scientist, his face now strangely tense and his eyes gleaming, had dropped the tablet on the girl's tongue. Her calm manner reassured them somewhat, yet every man rose to his feet and crowded towards the girl with more or less expectant horror on their faces.

Monte Blair screamed, "My God, man, you've murdered her! Get something!" Turning to the physicians he roared, "Damnation! are you paralyzed? Do something here, quick!" Whirling again to the girl he held out his arms to her, expecting to see her stagger and fall. Dr. Werton stood back with arms folded, smiling triumphantly. And the girl did not fall nor did the smile leave her face except for just an instant when she swallowed. Then a slight tinge of repugnance crossed her face, her shoulders shrugged ever so little, and as the smile came back she murmured thanks for the glass of water the doctor handed her.

Three agonizing minutes passed and the girl laughed. "There, gentlemen," she joked, "You may breathe again; I don't feel even a cramp!"

The physicians crowded up all trying to talk at once, questions came in perfect volleys. They felt her pulse, took her temperature, applied the stethoscope to her heart—and found nothing at all abnormal. Then they turned a barrage of questions on Dr. Werton. But the doctor's master mind was ready for them. Smiling, he backed around the table. In one hand he held the retort of gleaming amber liquid and in the other the vial of cyanide tablets.

For forty-five minutes the doctor talked rapidly to them, explaining, expounding—convincing, and for the last ten of those forty-five Monte Blair talked more rapidly to the radiant though strangely shy girl who had withdrawn to the far end of the laboratory. Blair was the last to leave, and a queer expression had come over his face.

"Doctor, I have remained to urge the placing of this priceless formula in safer quarters. Tonight that sheet of paper, together with your records, are the most valuable, the most important things upon

(*Continued on page* 73)

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¶How are the police to prove fraud against these people when those who have been victimized will not testify?

Within the Law

A Visualization of That Class of Smooth-Tongued Swindlers Whose Activities Annually Fleece the Public of Six Hundred Millions of Good American Dollars

By MAJOR GEORGE WITTEN

JIM TRAVIS looked placidly out of his office window at a squad of police marching down Broadway. On his face was the smile of a man who holds a trump card. Jim had his fingers crossed, the police couldn't touch him. He knew the criminal code and kept within its limits. Jim had the world by the tail, and when he wanted money he twisted the tail vigorously.

He yawned as the last bluecoat disappeared from his range of vision; then turned to his morning paper. Jim kept abreast of the times, and often just a little ahead of them. Well groomed, suave of manner, alert, energetic, he presented the typical successful American business man.

"CLUB MAN SUCCUMBS TO PNEUMONIA.

"Bertram H. Babbitt, of 52 Riverside Drive, successful business man, and golf fan, yesterday succumbed to a severe illness of pneumonia, which had lasted only four days. A week ago Mr. Babbitt played a strong game of golf with three of his business associates, after an unusually successful real-estate deal.

"He is survived by a wife and two daughters."

Here was a case for immediate action, and Jim Travis began to act. He pushed a buzzer, and an attractive, golden-haired young lady answered his summons, with note book in hand. Travis had æsthetic tastes, which ran to those he employed.

Men of the Travis type are clever enough to stay within the law.

"Take a letter," he demanded, after an approving glance at the girl's rounded, bare arms and shoulders, the graceful contour of her breasts beneath her soft clinging dress, that barely reached her knees and gave an unhampered view of a pair of well-shaped calves.

Silently the girl sat down, crossed her legs, and poised her pencil above the note book on her knee. Then in deep, even tones Travis dictated:

Bertram H. Babbitt, Esq.,
52 Riverside Drive,
New York City.
Dear Bert:

What's wrong with the golf? Haven't seen you for several days. Let's have a game tomorrow. Will wait at my office for you until four o'clock. If you can't come give me a ring.

Yours for a fast game,
James Travis.

"What engagements have I for today, Gertrude?"

Gertrude was efficient as well as attractive, and quickly produced an engagement book. "You are lunching with Mr. Morgan at the Merchants' Club, at one o'clock. At four o'clock you address the Women's Guild of Saint Samuel's Church. At six-thirty you dine with the Rector, and after dinner there will be a meeting of the Church wardens."

"Give me a ring at the Rector's house at nine o'clock, and tell the maid, or who ever answers

(*Continued on page* 84)

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Where Are You Spen And Are You

An Outline of the Intensifying Cooperation "Journeying for His Health" With any Degree of priving Him of Still

From the paper of **P. WALSH, Assistant**

Illustrated with photographs

GLORIFYING the criminal seems to have become an international pastime. Daily are we confronted with "sob stories" in the newspapers, implying that justice should be mitigated, motion picture reels in which the bad man is the hero, and fiction in our magazines through which the sympathies of the reader are infallibly drawn to the denizen of the underworld. Those who have, without consideration of its detrimental effect on society, permitted themselves to be subconsciously impressed by the constant repetition of this sophistry will doubtless find cause for concern and the further lavishing of compassion upon the representedly abused and persecuted criminal in the fact that owing to the gradual growth through the centuries of the spirit of international co-operation, there are now few offences which a wrong-doer may commit or few corners of the globe in which he may find asylum without being subject to summary extradition proceedings. When this excellent spirit is extended to a better understanding between governments and their police and the present cumbersome and long drawn out extradition laws are so modified as to make it possible for the police of a given country to immediately recall for trial a malefactor who has sought refuge in a foreign land, and whom the police have, thanks to the marvelous development in scientific criminal identification, so swiftly located, then, indeed, will the way of the transgressor be a difficult one.

International extradition is defined as "the surrender by one sovereign state to another, on its demand, by persons charged with the commission of crime within its jurisdiction, that they may be dealt with according to its laws."

It has been frequently asserted by European writers and by some authorities in the United States as well that, independent even of any treaty existing it is the imperative duty of a nation to surrender fugitive criminals upon

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ding the Summer? Coming Back?

Which Restrains the "Abused" Criminal from Security, Embodying a Suggested Method for De- More Peace of Mind

Commissioner of the Irish Free State

by Underwood & Underwood

By M. A. SCOTT

the demand of another State, especially in the case of the more heinous offenders, simply as a matter of international comity and convenience. By other writers the obligation is regarded as an imperfect one, the performance of which rests entirely within the discretion of each nation.

However, treaties now exist between the United States and

Argentina	Great Britain	Paraguay
Austria	Hanover	Peru
Belgium	Hawaii	Prussia
Bohemia	Hayti	Russia
Brazil	Italy	San Marino
Canada	Japan	Servia
Chili	Luxenberg	Spain
Denmark	Mexico	Sweden
Dominican Republic	Netherlands	Switzerland
Ecuador	Nicaragua	Turkey
France	Norway	Venezuela
	Panama	

In a recent paper on the subject Mr. P. Walsh, Assistant Commissioner of the Irish Free State, names practically the same countries as being among those with whom the British Government has established extradition treaties. His list omits Bohemia, Columbia, Japan, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, San Marino, Servia, Turkey and Venezuela, but adds Bolivia, Columbia, Cuba, Guatemala, Monaco, Roumania, Salvador and Uraguay. In neither case, however, is the list complete. The two together simply serve to demonstrate that treaties of a sort exist between practically all civilized nations.

These covenants, which are very similar in their terms, provide for the extradition of persons charged with enumerated crimes committed within the jurisdiction of the State

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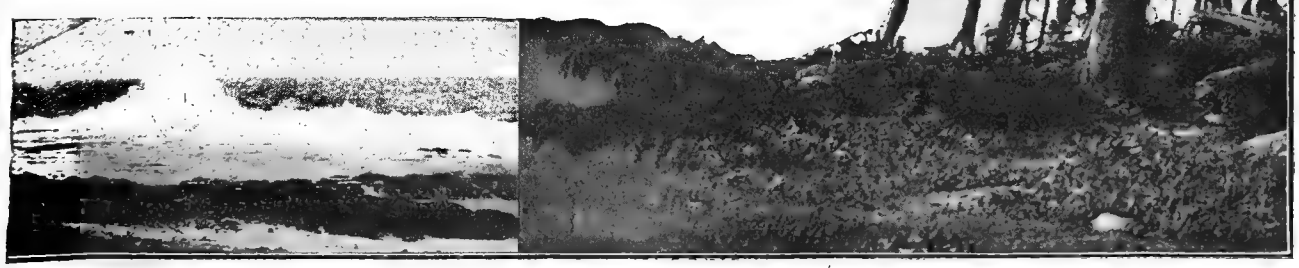

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EDITORIALS

Within the Law

MAJOR GEORGE WITTEN in another part of this issue has given us a vivid picture of a large group of operators who without actually violating the law, fleece thousands of Americans annually.

That which the Major has written from his intimate knowledge of these people, is both interesting and instructive. Not only does it serve to picture the methods employed by these ingenious swindlers—it underscores a situation worthy the attention of the thinking public.

Criticizing the police seems to have become an American indoor sport. And the habit of emphasising the unrighteousness of the Underworld, is apparently one of the first principles of journalism. Between abusing the officials for not stemming our "crime waves", and glorifying the exploits of the "gangster" and the "thug," the press manages to keep the attention of the reader, fairly well confined to the menace of the so-called Criminal Element.

When one or two tough characters, hold up a pay roll messenger, escape with $25,000, and possibly shoot the unfortunate victim or some passerby, our editors, clergymen, and publicists, raise a hue and a cry of the "viciousness" of the "bandits," the "footpads", and the "yeggs". Yet every business day of the year six solid millions of good American dollars are stolen in this country by men who are universally accepted in society as honorable associates—and we hardly hear a whimper of it.

These "swindlers who remain within the law", are not apaches and hence have no lurid, melodramatic appeal. They work, quietly without dramatics, without racing motors, without thrilling pursuits and gun play, and therefor do not command space unless the operations of one individual become especially flagrant.

But they work relentlessly. While our respectable citizens condemn the police, for letting the criminal class run riot through our cities, these same respectable citizens, are not only rubbing elbows with the most damaging male factors but in their own stupidity and carelessness, actually help them to succeed.

Of course our "underworld criminals" *are* a costly lot. It has been unofficially estimated that their activities have cost the people of the United States over $720,000,000 a year as apportioned in the following groups.

Railroad thefts	$ 25,000,000
Arson	50,000,000
Miscellaneous crimes	75,000,000
Forgery & Bogus Checks	100,000,000
Seaport robberies	100,000,000
Embezzlement	120,000,000
Burglary, Larceny and Petty Thefts	250,000,000
Total	$720,000,000

Many of the flagrant examples of embezzlement forgery, and bad checks are really not committed by the typical underworld types. But for want of an accurate division between "upper" and "lower" class statistics we lump them all under the latter head. The aggregate, demonstrates that the criminal element is an expensive defect in our social system. Yet upon analysis of the whole field of perverted human endeavor we find that the class, so prayed for, so studied and despaired of, accounts for only 19% of the crime loss in this country! The other 81% must be charged to these well-dressed, highly-polished, hard-working business men whom we forget, when we speak of "criminals" because they usually remain "within the law."

Read, write, and talk all you will of the lawlessness bred of the war, of the laxity of the modern parent and the wildness of modern youth, of the influence of the "new freedom," and the craving for liberty and license without working—bang away on all these bromides about the cause of "crime waves" today, but don't forget that our staid and responsible business men got away with four times the total "swag," accounted for by the Underworld, and its denizens in 1924!

Credit frauds took a toll, of $400,000,000—or nearly *twice* that which all the burglars in the land stole in the same period; insurance frauds accounted for $100,000,000 and stock swindles took $1,700,000,000. And so while our much-talked of Criminal Element got away with some $720,000,000 last year, the socially-elect gentlemen who didn't look like burglars painlessly extracted from us a total of $2,200,000,000!

Two factors stand out; first that our most costly crimes are committed by an extremely intelligent socially-accepted class, of men and women, not at the point of a gun or under the cover of darkness—but with the stupid cooperation of their victims. When a desperate character assaults one with a revolver it is prudent to surrender ones valuables unless one is strong enough and quick enough physically to risk a fight against such odds. But when a man assaults one with a fountain pen, and a line of attractive conversation, it seems downright ridiculous to turn over to him, *three* times as much as we lose to the typieal bandit.

We do it every year. And while we decry the

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criminal's desire to become rich without labor, we are gullible enough to throw away over a billion and a half annually in response to the smooth-spoken swindler, on the self-same urge!

These monumental monetary losses are made possible not so much by the cleverness of the minds which perpetrate the frauds but rather by our own desire for wealth, plus our own lack of common sense in our attempts to realize that desire.

The second point which these facts cannot fail to emphasize, is that the success of these depredations is no reflection whatsoever on police efficiency. Many of the frauds are strictly federal offenses not dealt with by local officials and more important still the majority of them are undertaken by men shrewd enough and experienced enough to avoid overstepping the limitations of the existing laws.

It is easy to call for a more inclusive federal law enforcement agency, for more stringent legislation; for cleverer lawyers and better informed juries. Yet it seems that a more careful, more intelligent, more sensible citizenry would be far more to the point.

We have enforcement agencies, statutes, and prosecutors. But it would cost a great deal less if the people who make up the "sucker lists" would exert as much prudence in buying stocks and bonds as they do when they invest in a house or an automobile. The victims of these astute swindlers are not all ignorant, uneducated, people. True, inexperienced widows contribute heavily to the income of the swindler. But who ever encountered a fraudulent stock promoter of experience whose mailing list was not heavily loaded with the names of clergymen and physicians from one end of the country to the other.

The real remedy does not rest in the hands of the police. It rests with those who are fleeced out of $1,700,000 a year in bad investments. We are already well equipped with the means and the agencies for preventing most of this waste. There is the reputable, substantial bank in every city, in business for the express purpose of assisting men and women in the intricacies of investment. There are Rotary Clubs, Lions' Clubs, Kiwanis Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, Vigilance Committees, Better Business Bureaus, and numerous other organizations of business men devoting part of their energy to ridding the commercial world of these ever-present pests. If the average man or woman not possessed of a lengthy financial training would invite their unsolicited benefactors to any one of these organizations before taking their final plunge, half of the $1,700,000,000 we now lose would never be in danger—and most of the other half would be saved!

A little caution and a little more common sense would accomplish far more than is possible to all the policemen and all the law-makers in the world. This is the policing problem of the public. It is the public itself which permits it, and the public itself that can end it. Meanwhile it behooves us to remember that the cost of the hold-up man, the housebreaker, and the river-pirate, (much of which the police recover and return) is still in the five and ten cents class when compared to the achievements in American dollars, of the ultra-respectable swindler.

Amusing

THE practice of patting oneself on the back is as strenuous as it is awkward. We have even heard of a man who broke his arm in the attempt. However, if practiced with sufficient persistence it should serve as one's "daily dozen" and in this day of fashionable slenderness we must all retain our girlish figures.

Not long ago a disgruntled employee of the magazine who had abrogated unto himself sufficient importantly-sounding titles, to carry conviction of authority to those too far away to know the situation, took it upon himself to write all associates of the publication that our future was most gloomy and uncertain. Often are such petty acts committed. Seldom are they taken seriously. And when such rare consideration results in a monetary profit to the magazine it is as amusing as it is gratifying.

A west-coastal distributor was among those who received letters to the effect that the publication was tottering. Thinking that the warning was sincere he wrote to the eastern company for advice. Instead of council they sent him a copy of the July number. He did not wait to write upon its receipt—he telegraphed. He did not continue his standing order—he increased it five hundred per-cent.

A compliment means nothing. But when a business house says it with dollars, its good wishes are sincere.

Richard Bentley's "no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself" would seem to hold true not only of men but of magazines as well.

Why?

IN an article facetiously headed "Where Are You Spending The Summer?" is embodied a contention by the assistant Commissioner of the Irish Free State, Mr. P. Walsh, which is so logical and so practical, that a moment's thought makes it difficult to conceive why an antithetical condition maintains.

Why, under existing extradition laws, should it be necessary to invoke slow-footed diplomatic intervention in order to return a fugitive to retribution? What if it is not purely a police function, is the speedy apprehension of the malefactor? Why should such proceedure, not be governed, by standardized reciprocal police agreement? No contrary answer offers. The work of establishing the *modus operandi*, remains to be done.

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"As the Twig is Bent"

A Few Thoughts on Glands, Inheritance and Criminality

By DR. CARLETON SIMON

Special Deputy Police Commissioner, Lecturer on Criminology, Detective School, New York Police Department

Illustrated with official photographs

THE human body is a most complex yet most perfect organization. Its network of nerves, blood vessels and its various organs are so closely related to each other that each is not only a separate entirety but influences, in turn, other organs that may be situated at remote parts of the body. Because of these reciprocal relations in the change of nerve stimulation, and a wonderful, yes marvelous, work of living force and energy that imbues every cell, it is not extraordinary that man has only partially torn aside the curtain that hides the secret of human existence.

No other organized body has developed to such a high degree that indefinite thing which we term mind, or, to put it in another way, no other organization but man is blessed with the power of possessing nerves and brain in such high degree of efficiency.

Nothing we have is our own. Everything has been handed to us from a remote past.

Gradually the theory is gaining ground that certain glands in our body have a determining effect upon the vital organs and also a profound influence over the mind. It has long been known that the pituitary gland—a small body situated in the brain—has a distinct effect upon growth and also that the thyroid gland, situated in front of the throat, reacts upon various brain centers. This is also true of glands around the kidneys and of certain others elsewhere.

Every human body contains its own drug factory by which various remedial agents are released when they are required. This may be observed in the increased secretions of the salivary glands at the sight of food when one is hungry. These and other secretions occur in almost every process of digestion, and have a direct relation to nutrition and health. The drooling of saliva from the mouth of a dog when food is presented is a striking illustration of this reaction from the mental stimulation.

There is in our body a memory that has been termed subconscious, or what may be described as an activity that has an analogy to mind. It has a power to receive and register impressions, and enables the body to stimulate or otherwise change certain functions of various glands. This sub-conscious memory causes the body to accept or reject various foods. We see this particular power of selective choice in the physical expulsion of those medicines that are called emetics and of those that are classed as cathartics. These illustrations are presented only to illustrate the existence in the body of a sub-conscious memory or knowledge that has no apparent connection with the activity of the brain.

There is an intimate reciprocity between mind and body. Simple illustrations are one's satisfied mental state after a good meal or the irritability that may accompany hunger.

The study of the criminal as one affected by the abnormal activity of his glandular system has only just begun. Much may result toward determining whether many of the habitual criminals are victims of their glands. In many instances the mental attitude of the criminals, the character of their crime, their confessions, their general intellectual viewpoint and their emotional and moral attitudes show that they have been suffering from myexoedemia, cretinism and other demonstratable organic gland diseases.

Inheritance is the link; the unbroken chain which in its progress has become fused and stronger. Inheritance of most of the physical and mental activities depends upon unknown substances that are found as

A country boy 16 *years old*

and after a lifetime of preverted endeavor,

a broken man at 46.

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The boy of 17.

The bent twig.

After a life of habitual crime resulting in many convictions and frequent confinement in various prisons.

The man of 47.

The inclined tree.

a part of the anatomy of the body. These substances are excretions from what may be termed stations in the body or glands which affect the emotional nature and habits of an individual, its general mental activity and his physical health. Sometimes these substances affect in their influence coming generations.

I have in mind about thirty cases where the malicious influence of alcohol caused in the offspring impaired growth, epilepsy and insanity directly traceable to inheritance. Every evil contains some good, and it is so in this fact that the inheritance of evils, although assured, does not prevent the possible inheritance of good qualities.

If the past could only roll back its dreamy memories, if the sleeper could only open his eyes, if the eons and eons of time could only unfold themselves, if from the distant depths of the long centuries gone a picture could be seen, it would be that of Woman; and from the skein in her hand would be threaded the only tie that has come down to us from the dim past, through the long avenues of time unto the light of the present day—the tie of inheritance.

Few men are cast solely in the mold of their fathers. It often is a long step from father to son. There are mothers, too, and other ancestors, from whom come faults and virtues.

> "Some peculiar mystic grace,
> Made her only the child of her mother,
> And heaped the whole inherited sin
> All, all upon the brother."

The character of the individual is a composite thing. It is really the sum total of the influences of the past, of the negative and positive conditions, the result of a constant strife for supremacy. But seldom has nature appeared to weed out the bad and leave only the good. Some lose by inheritance, others gain by it. Some develop stronger and nobler qualities within themselves, and thus protect their weaker ones.

It is a common inquiry as to what age most youths gravitate toward a criminal career. When I speak of a criminal I do not mean the man who has violated a law, who is purely a delinquent; to me a criminal is the individual who is a residivist, the incorrigible type of habitual criminal. These are not made over night and in some instances they are a product of the generations preceding them. They have been unfortunate, however, in inheriting the physical body and the mental make-up superimposed by improper glandular activity which is a strong force working continually towards mental instability. "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." If not corrected in time the tree becomes a crooked one. If environment and habits of living are not amended in those who gravitate towards a criminal career, it is almost impossible, later in life, to effect a change.

At about the age of fourteen there comes over a boy a gradual change. This is likewise true of girls. The specific reasons of such change need not be here dwelt upon. This period is the age of puberty. In a boy the voice becomes harsher and deeper, he observes things that previously had not attracted his attention, hair gradually appears upon his body and in general other psysical developments take place. With all of these changes there is shown in a special increased power to acquire knowledge, especially knowledge that concerns the opposite sex. New emotions, never felt before, spring from within his nature. As the child grows older and reaches the age at which youth seems to merge into manhood or girlhood enter the realm of womanhood, we have in evidence the increase exaggeration of the ego or consciousness of self. At no period of life has glandular activities greater effect or more influence than at this age—the age of adolescence. In those cases showing abnormalities early, there seems to be developed a lack of responsibility together with an indifference to parental influence; with frivolity assuming dominion over reflection and mental poise.

These entire changes are largely due to the effect of growth directly influenced by increased activity of certain glands which not only affect profoundly the vital organs, but have an intense influence upon the body and the mind.

The chemical character of some of the gland secretions is only vaguely known. What is positively known is that the glands vitally affect the health of the body and the activity of the mind by pouring into the blood stream substances that have a distinct bearing upon health balance and nerve cell nutrition.

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¶Fast losing consciousness he gave a mighty heave and turned over on the floor, loosening the other's death-dealing grip. Instantly the maniac was over him again.

His eyes were lifted to the shrine in a steady, glassy stare.

To Kill or to Let Die

The Story of a Violent Struggle With a Suicidal Maniac, In Which a Patrolman Finds His Answer to the Question

An incident in the day's work of

Patrolman JOHN DAWSON, Shield No. 744

Retold

By GEORGE W. SUTTON, Jr.

Illustrated by WYCKOFF

"A LITTLE child, ye say? Why don't you call a doctor? No savvy? Well, I'll help the kid out if I can, although it's pretty near time for me to ring in. But hurry up. Where is she?"

Patrolman Eddie Graham, brushing a speck of dust from his new winter overcoat, looked down inquiringly at the emaciated little Japanese who in hysterical and almost unintelligible English, had begged his aid. From what Graham could gather, somewhere nearby, in the mysterious depths of a dark tenement, another citizen of Nippon lay ill and in need of immediate attention. In the strange torrent of sounds emitted by the frightened youth, Graham had caught enough to give him the impression that the stricken one was a tiny girl, laid low by a sudden and violent malady.

Eddie's heart was touched.

He and is young wife lived in a bright, sunny flat in the clean, open stretches of Astoria, and he always felt a tolerant pity for the thousands of children packed tightly in the filthy, maladorous rabbit-warrens which crowd New York's lower East side to the river banks. Sure he'd help, gladly.

With quick paces he followed along after his trotting guide in the gathering gloom of the late Autumn evening, through the screaming hordes and countless push carts of Rivington Street. Presently the Japanese stopped, at the steps of a dingy, gray tenement house, and pointed upward, excitedly.

"All right," said Graham. "Go ahead, what floor is she on?"

Instead of going on or even replying the young Japanese scuttled around behind the big blond policeman, obviously in deadly fear.

"Hey, what's the matter with you?" exclaimed Graham, beginning to lose patience. "Go on, show me where she is."

For answer the youth extended his skinny hands and started to push the officer toward the steps, at the same time giving vent to a deluge of shrill, frantic words, in his own language. With a show of anger, Graham knocked the other's arms down and started to climb the worn stones quickly. Glancing above him at the sordid facade of the building, he caught, at two of the windows, a fleeting glimpse of furtive, peeping faces.

The lower hallway was dark and cold. There were no artificial lights and the pale haze of the murky twilight outside did not penetrate much beyond the doorway. Guided by the frantic motions of the frightened Japanese, Graham lifted his tall bulk up three flights of rickety stairs

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which protested audibly at the unaccustomed burden of a hundred and eighty pounds of American sinew and muscle. On the fourth landing he stopped short, sensing the presence of others. It was dark as velvet, chilly damp and the atmosphere hung heavy with pungent aromas of the Orient. Graham paused and listened. There was not a sound save the muffled rumble from the busy street below and the heavy grunts of exertion from the winded young man behind.

"Now, wait a minute. We'll see where we're at," said Graham, reaching for his flashlight. He pressed the button, then drew in his breath sharply, with astonishment. "Holy codfish! What is this, anyhow? A prayer meeting or what? What's the idea?"

Completely lining the short hall and startlingly silhouetted in the brilliant circle of sudden light from Graham's electric hand flash, were fully twenty Japanese men and women, young and old, huddled in constrained attitudes on the floor, uttering no sound, making no movement, but all blinking owl-like at the tall figure behind the dazzling beam. For a pregnant moment the tableau hung rigid, then, as if executed by a noiseless, hidden mechanism, the heads of all the Orientals turned slowly and their eyes took up a steady vigil on a door at the end of the narrow hallway.

"Gawd!" muttered the officer. "The Health Board ought to give this rookery the once-over. No heat, no light and the smells are awful. No wonder she's sick. Where is she? In there?"

He pointed to the door.

"Yes, yes," squealed the youth who had brought him to this strange place. "There—there! You go, you go."

"All right," said Graham, fully recovering his self-confidence. "Out of the way, you people. Let me through."

The squatting Orientals crowded close to the walls as the big officer strode through the narrow passage, his heavy winter coat brushing them as he passed. Reaching the end, he turned the knob and flung open the door, spraying his flashlight around the room, which was almost sickening with the mingled smells of exotic perfumes and lighted only by a dim, shaded glow from a tiny oil lamp burning before a shrine erected against the wall.

Graham's spotlight came to rest in one wide spot. He gave a gasp of amazement, not unmixed with a sudden paralyzing fear. In that moment he was too stirred to notice the stealthy, silent closing of the door behind him. He stood a moment, powerless in mind and muscle, his senses only vaguely comprehending what he was witnessing.

No sick child lay before him, no baby girl need-

With all his great power he swung the metal flashlight at the swiftly moving wrist.

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ing the soothing care of white doctors and nurses. Instead, outlined in the bright glare of the electric torch was a stocky Japanese of early middle age, stark-naked, squatting mutely and expressionless, like an Eastern deity, in front of the wall-side shrine. His long straggly mustache threw grotesque shadows on his glistening chest and his eyes were lifted to the shrine in a steady, glassy stare.

But it was something else that riveted Graham's attention—something so horrible and so grotesque that he stared open-mouthed, not believing his eyes.

For in each hand of the naked Japanese was the handle of a curiously shaped knife, like a small sword, the points and blades of which were buried deep in his own bowels.

From the gaping wounds in his abdomen, blood was gushing in glistening streams down over his folded legs, into dark widening pools on the floor.

Even as Graham looked, in that first stunning second of momentary paralysis, the Japanese drew forth the dripping blades and plunged them again into the depths of his anatomy.

Suddenly Graham came to life.

"Hey there!" he shouted.

Then he acted.

Holding the flashlamp in one hand, he threw himself across the room. With a swift jerk he seized one arm of the Oriental and twisted it back, drawing with it the long bloody knife which made a little sickening, sucking sound as it slipped out of the warm wound and dropped heavily to the floor.

The violence of the attack brought the squatting Jap out of his trance with a snap. Looking quickly over his shoulder he recognized, in the glint of brass buttons, that an intruder had burst in upon him. Like a flash, he whipped the remaining knife out of his right side and lunged it up at the big uniformed devil who had dared to interrupt him in a purely personal matter.

But Graham unconsciously was prepared for this. With all his great power he swung the metal flashlight at the swiftly-moving wrist, hit it squarely and broke its hold on the murderous and gory weapon, which flew across the floor to stick quivering in the wooden footboard at the side. With the impact, however, the delicate filament of the bulb was shattered and the light went out. The room was plunged into dense gloom, relieved only by the vague, crimson glow from the guttering shrine lamp.

Like a frog the Japanese wriggled out of Graham's grasp and crouched low to the floor. In the darkness the policeman could make out the dim outlines of the other's crouching bulk a few feet away. And then, in a flashing second, Graham was on his back on the floor with excruciating pains darting through his head and neck, the crazed man panting furiously on top of him. In spite of his terrific wounds the Oriental had hurled himself onto the big officer and was applying to him the deadly neck pressure, most terrible of jiu jitsu holds, a few fleeting seconds of which will enable the weakest man to kill the strongest.

In the blinding fury of the moment, the instinct of self-preservation and a strong, cleanly-muscled body were priceless possessions to Graham. Fast losing consciousness and covered from head to foot with the blood of his insane adversary, he gave a mighty heave and turned over on the floor, loosening the other's death-dealing grip and throwing him aside. Instantly the Japanese swarmed over him again.

Hampered by his heavy, blood-soaked coat, there was no opportunity for Graham to draw out pistol or handcuffs. In the dark and the speed of action there was no chance to find either of the knives on the floor. There was only the strength of well-trained youth to call upon. As the Oriental closed in again, Graham enfolded him about the waist with both arms, lifted him bodily off his feet and, using every ounce of energy he could muster, sent him crashing against the opposite wall.

The impact was terrific, deadly. But this was no ordinary man. In spite of his grievous injuries, the heat of his fanaticism gave him an uncanny vitality and he fairly bounced up from the floor for another charge. The interval, however, slight as it was, had been precious to Graham. He had secured his pistol from his back pocket and stood erect, covering the Jap with it. But Graham himself was gasping for breath, too winded to speak, or command.

If the maniac saw the weapon it meant nothing to him. For a moment he wavered, his eyes roving. Then, darting quickly across the room, he reached up and took down from the wall a long, heavy, glittering, two-handed sword, a deadly instrument—reminder of older and braver days in the land of Nippon. Raising it high above his head he began to circle slowly and cautiously around the panting and sweating policeman.

Graham, with his free hand, quickly brushed the perspiration from his eyes and followed every movement of the Oriental. How could the man live? he wondered. Blood was pouring over the fellow's naked limbs and the wounds in his abdomen presented a sickening sight. The eyes, however, were alive—glittering with a fierce, malignant light, and seeming to sparkle through the red murk of the stuffy room.

Graham, whose vision had become more accustomed to the darkness now, could make out these details—and the sight made it impossible for him to use his gun. As the man continued to circle slowly about him, the officer knew that, except as a very last resort, he could not shoot this already terribly wounded man.

Suddenly there was a rush.

Dodging like a fox, Graham escaped by a hair's breath the whistling descent of the great sword. He whirled himself out of the way, twisting aside

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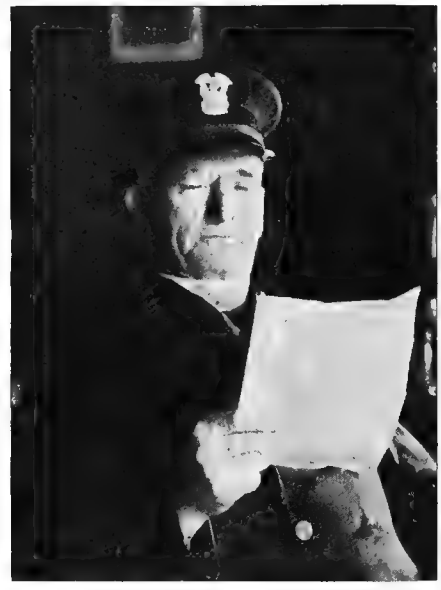
The Man on the Crossing

"Women expect the officer to be their luncheon guide and direct them to the 'nicest', 'cutest', or 'best' place to eat, and often ask if a restaurant serves a certain fancy dish."



"I shouldn't be surprised if one of these people asked the officer for lunch money some day. But we don't mind at all. It's a lot of fun for us."

Capt. Patrick E. Hogan

An Opportunity to See Ourselves as the Traffic Officer Sees Us

Presented by an interview with

Captain PATRICK E. HOGAN, Commanding Traffic Division, Chicago

By FRITZ BLOCKI

WHEN we see the harassed police officer trying amidst the irritated grumblings of the crowd, to cope with the ever-increasing traffic of our large cities, very few of us stop to think that his troubles have multiplied as fast as those of the pedestrian.

This thought was brought out recently in conversation with Captain Patrick E. Hogan, commanding officer of the traffic division, Department of Police, City of Chicago, in recalling the strenuous duties of the crossing policemen of twenty years ago when such officers were a comparative novelty and when automobiles were still looked upon askance as "horseless carriages" which were little better than an "awful nuisance."

"Directing traffic in these days of almost universal motoring is certainly a strenuous task," began Captain Hogan, "but twenty years ago when the approach of a 'benzine buggy' meant a general panic among the horses that thronged the streets, the men on the corners led even more strenuous lives in many respects, than they do now, though their troubles were of a slightly different type because of the different character of traffic.

"The greatest difference, I believe, arose from the fact that the pedestrians and the vehicles did not equally share their rights of way to the streets. Pedestrians claimed that their share was greater and they usually made it so in fact. Some people seemed to take a special delight in making a driver jerk his horses to a sudden and painful halt by running their shoulders right under the horses' noses, much as other people jump in front of automobiles today, and unless such a violation of traffic privileges was too flagrant, the officer usually said nothing. The reason was that the traffic officer was not yet fully accepted as a stern representative of the law working for the public good.

"On the contrary, some people actually considered him a downright nuisance at times. On one such occasion I remember a young man running out to the car-tracks and jumping on the crowded step of a slowly-moving cable-car a few feet in front of an officer standing near the tracks. Then, as now, street cars were usually very crowded and people hung to the cable cars both inside and out. Before the young man had landed safely on the step, and as he clung to the side of the moving car, he struck the officer and was knocked to the street. The young man got up in great anger and started a loud argument. Later he succeeded in having the officer fired 'for being in the way!'

"In the early days the cop did not use a whistle for signalling traffic. His whistle was only for summoning help in case of emergencies. There were no automatic signal lights and towers. The

(*Continued on page* 79)

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A Pioneer and Leader

A QUARTER of a century ago the greater part of the sulphur market of the world was fed by foreign mines located principally in Sicily and Italy. The sulphur marketed at this period was the result of a tiresome, expensive hand labored process and contained 3% of earthly impurities.

Then in 1902 a process was conceived and developed which virtually revolutionized the industry in America. This process was the result of exhaustive research work by Herman Frasch, the founder of this company, and was generally recognized as a triumph of modern industrial research.

Employing this process, the United States rapidly advanced until today it is the highest ranking country among the sulphur-producing nations of the world.

The cost of production under the Frasch process is exceedingly small and a sulphur that is 99.95% pure obtained. This process was especially applicable to the sulphur mining regions of the United States—the coastal plains of Louisiana and Texas—where ordinary shaft mining can not be employed effectively because of the layers of quicksand.

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"As The Twig Is Bent"

(*Continued from page* 41)

Just as the sight of food in a hungry man increased the secretion of the juices of the stomach and hunger in turn creates the mental desire for a satisfaction of the physical craving, so similarly is the mind more readily swayed by emotions when we have an increase of the secretions of the thyroid gland, and in turn any abnormality of this gland will produce an array of nervous phenomena accompanied by increased heart action.

There is a broad scheme of co-operation or reciprocity continually taking place between mind and body most complex in character yet far reaching. This is demonstrated in the influence suggestion holds for all—in the occasional success of mental cures, in results obtained by Christian Science, in the various results obtained by mental healers terminating in so-called miracle cures.

Stimulation of certain glands affect the voice. We see this in the cooing of the dove, in changing voice of a boy attaining adolescence, in the harsher voice of the mannish woman, and softer effeminate vocal language of certain males whose mental make-up is that of the female. We find the soft voice in the eunuch, and the strident harsh tones in the disappointed spinster. This is all due to glandular conditions, and is only one of the many phases that can here but be touched upon.

Where Are You Spending the Summer?

(*Continued from page* 37)

making requisition for such surrender, upon such evidence of criminality as, according to the laws of the place where the person charged shall be found, would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial if the crime or offence had been there committed. These enumerations are more or less universally consistent.

For example, the American agreement with Argentina lists murder or the attempt to commit murder, arson, burglary, shop breaking, robbery committed with violence, actual, attempted or threatened, larceny of property to the value of two hundred dollars or upward, forgery, counterfeiting, embezzlement, fraud, if the amount involved is not less than two hundred dollars, perjury, rape, seduction, kidnapping, any act committed with criminal intent to endanger the safety of any person traveling on a railway, piracy and mutiny.

The American-Belgian treaty adds bigamy and abortion but omits fraud, perjury, seduction and kidnapping.

With Mexico extradition may be effected for theft of an amount as low as twenty-five dollars.

The American treaties with Russia, Netherlands and Chile provide in addition to the customary offences that all articles found in the possession of

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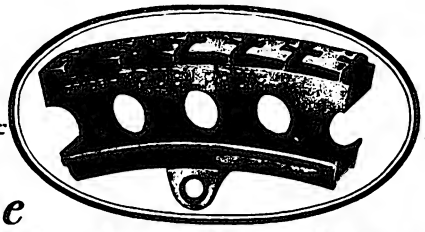

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a fugutive may be claimed as evidence by the country requesting extradition and in the case of Russia this provision maintains even though the fugitive may since have died.

As Mr. Walsh recounts:

"The extradition treaties in force between the various countries, almost without exception, contain two important exemptions:

1. That persons guilty of political offences will not be surrendered, and
2. That the state will not surrender its own native born or naturalized citizens, for crimes committed in foreign countries.

"Also the further provision that surrender shall not be made if the fugitive proves that the demand for extradition is made for the purpose of trying and punishing him for a political offence—which appears to mean that the extradition application might be made for an offence which is a subject for extradition, but that the real motive might be to obtain the person of the fugitive in order to deal with him for a political offence—this it will be for the fugitive to prove to the court. It is also usually provided by the treaties that the fugutive shall not be tried for any offence other than that on which he was extradited, until he is restored, or has had an opportunity of returning to the country by which he was surrendered.

"There is also a provision that if the period which has elapsed since the commission of the crime is such as would bar the prosecution according to the laws of the state in which he is found, the fugitive shall not be surrendered.

"There are, as well, various other rules one would expect to find, such as a period which must elapse after arrest and before extradition is granted, so as to allow the fugitive to make his extradition and defence, and apply for habeas corpus, showing cause why he should not be surrendered, and fixing a period within which the necessary steps must be taken, and proofs furnished by the state seeking extradition, failing which the fugitive will be discharged. The former is usually not less than fifteen days, and the latter not exceeding two months.

"At the present time applications in the nature of extradition must be made to the foreign State through the diplomatic channels of both countries concerned—not as a rule a very expeditious method of communication, but chosen, as it would appear, because it was the only representation in the Foreign State, of the country which claimed the extradition of a criminal. Thus it is now as it was in the beginning, and succeeding generations of Police have seen no change in the methods of approach to each other—or to the criminal whom they pursue. Unofficially, police are the greatest friends and understand each other thoroughly—officially, they are wide apart.

"This, I submit, is neither necessary nor desirable.

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"Within a period not remote, very great changes have taken place throughout the world. Time and space have been practically annihilated. In the method of travel on land and water there has been a revolution; the conquest of the air has been achieved—men signal to each other over vast distances through the void, and the Continents call to each other through space—wireless telephony is the most recent triumph of science—and the messages and even photographs will be flashed across the seas—the possibilities of this discovery are enormous—but while all this is so, the methods and powers of the Police Forces, in dealing with international crime and criminals remain as they were fifty years ago.

"Not so the criminal. The resources of science and civilization are placed at his disposal, and he has not been slow to avail of the advantages offered. He is not troubled by frontiers or statutes of limitation, and his line, whether of advance or retreat, is as he wills it to be. His ways are made easy for him by many willing and competent confederates—experts in their own departments.

"The police have not been idle—they too, in their own spheres of action, have availed of the aids offered by science, but internationally and as against their international adversaries, who are also the enemies of society, they are hampered, shackled, by a slow and cumbrous procedure hopelessly antiquated and unsuited to the needs of the time. Formerly they had to deal with the occasional criminal who committed grave crime and fled. He was handicapped much as the pursuers were, and largely without allies, but now they are called on to deal with specialists in crime, whose war on the public is a profession, backed by organizations whose ramifications are world wide.

"They should be equipped to deal with this menace. The forces of justice and order should at least be put on such a footing as will enable them to deal on even terms with those who wage war on the State and on its citizens.

"A marked advance in this direction has been made by the introduction of long distance identification, for which we owe much to our friends from Copenhagen, as well as by the Code, issued in the interval (between sessions) from the Headquarters of (the International Police) Conference, under the direction of its distinguished President (Hon. Richard E. Enright) which simplifies and abbreviates in a commendable way inter-communication between Police Forces.

"The extradition of a fugitive criminal is really not a matter for diplomacy—it is an affair of the Police and of the judiciary, and this it must ultimately become, and it is not easy to see why it should not be so dealt with in the first instance. The case must come before the courts for decision as to whether the order of surrender will be made, and there is always in the background the soveignty of the State as the final arbiter. I believe the diplo-

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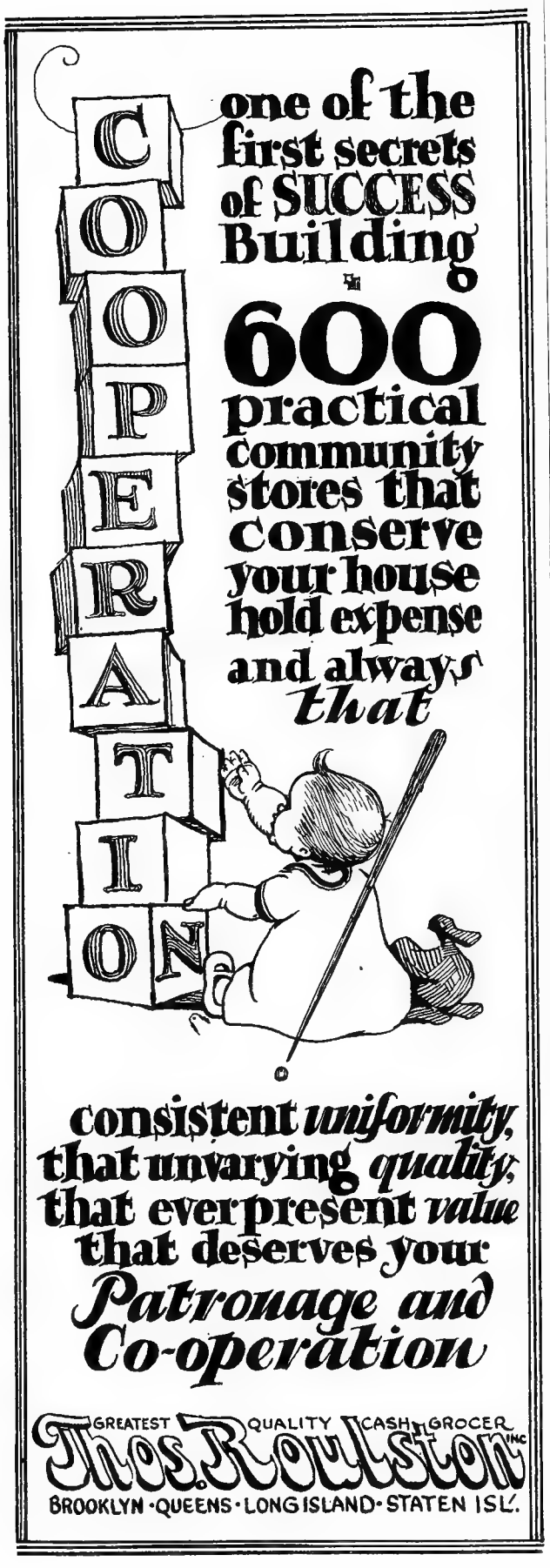
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matic representatives would be very glad to be relieved of this duty which now devolves upon them, and is really unconnected with the work of their Departments.

"There is every reason why the initial application should be made by the responsible police authority of the country from which the alleged offender has fled, to the corresponding officer of the country in which he has taken refuge, and that the latter should be empowered to lay the necessary information for the issue of the warrant to arrest, the information from the police authority being such as to justify the apprehension of the fugitive.

"Even at present, when the matter is one of urgency, action may be taken on the receipt of such information from a police source, but it is submitted that the arrest of a fuguitive offender for any of the offences included in a Treaty, all of which are serious—is always a matter of urgency, and that whatever delays may become necessary in the subsequent stages of the case—there should be none until the fugitive is secured; that the utmost dispatch is necessary and justifiable at the outset, and for this purpose there is no other course which presents such advantages as the direct communication between the responsible police officers concerned."

"The present procedure puts too many difficulties in the way of the police," Sir Robert Peacock remarks "and incidently protects the criminal too much. It seems to me the reverse should be the case, and that when a government knows it has within its jurisdiction a criminal who is wanted for crime in another country it should take the most urgent steps to return the criminal to the country he came from. I want to see the day when I can write to the Chief of Police at New York or San Francisco or Paris or Berlin or Vienna just as I would write to the Chief of Police in London, Edinburgh, or any other British town, and say, 'I hold a warrant for the arrest of such a man for such a crime. If you can locate him, please arrest him and I will send an escort at once.' I see no reason why this should not be so, and I see no reason why, if I hold a warrant for a man for a crime committed in England, some other country where he happens to be should refuse to surrender him to me because the crime committed in England is not recognized as an extraditable crime in the country where he happens to be.

"The fact is that the Extradition Laws have not kept progress with the modern criminal and, as a consequence, the police in their race with crime are heavily handicapped by legal machinery which is antiquated and out of date, and which tends to make the task of the police unnecessarily difficult."

"What is needed," Mr. Walsh, in his paper continues, "is a uniform Law or Treaty on the subject, existing between all countries and states willing to be parties to such an International agreement.

"The offences to which such general principles will apply should be also uniform, but this should

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present little or no difficulty, and those crimes and offences referred to (herein), will form the ground work, if not, indeed, a complete category of offences for which extradition should be invoked, for it is obvious that the minor crimes, and offences of a summary nature, should not be included.

"The two general exceptions to Extradition should be considered.

"Some serious attempt should be made to define what are political offences, or, conversely, to say what should not be regarded as such. Many offenders have escaped justice on the plea that their offences were of a political character, when nothing was further from the truth, and this should be remedied. There is a real difficulty in finding a satisfactory definition, and the partition between the political and non-political offender is sometimes very thin.

"The only definition of 'Political Offences' I have been able to find is that of Mill, given in the House of Commons, England, 1866. He suggested they should be defined as 'Any offences committed in the course of, or furtherance of, Civil War, insurrection, or political commotion.'

"It will be difficult to find a definition suitable to all, but it will not be impossible to clear up the ground somewhat.

"The other exception—subjects of the State in which they have taken refuge—while difficult, should admit of solution. The contention that the person who has committed a serious crime in a foreign State, and suceeds in reaching his native country before justice overtakes him, should find sanctuary theirin, cannot, I think, be defended.

"There is no good reason, should the State decline extradition, why it should not deal with the offender within its own jurisdiction.

"Legislative bodies move very slowly, and in some cases do not move at all, unless and until acted upon by some force outside themselves, so that in a somewhat intricate and thorny subject such as this, it is probable the matter would be approached with hesitancy and reserve.

"The efforts of the Police Officers to secure more efficient enactments may be successful, but at least the effort will have been made, and will bear fruit some day if not now. Legislation on the subject is both antiquated and inadequate, and amendment of the laws relating thereto should not be left to private persons or parties or legislative assemblies—to propose—it well deserves the serious consideration of the Government of all civilized States.

"It is possible—nay probable—that not all countries will immediately concur in those suggestions and adopt a uniform procedure, but this should not discourage nor delay action on the subject. A commencement should be made with such States as approve of the proposals in their final form, and there can be little doubt of the general adherence, in time, to an agreement so necessary for the protection of the public, and so reasonable in its provisions."

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Smooth, rapid getaway makes it swiftest, most flexible in traffic crush.

Lasts more than twice as long as the ordinary bus, needs less gas, less lubricant and so costs least to operate.

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All gas-electric motor bus systems may be divided into 3 classes:—

(1) The TILLING-STEVENS

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That's All.

SERVICE BUS CORPORATION

80 William Street, New York

Uses the Tilling-Stevens Gas-Electric

If . . . . . ?

(*Continued from page* 10)

pantomime and soliloquy, the most dramatic scene of his unthespian life.

"Throop's telephone is busy, his secretary says," he reported to his small but watchful audience. "I will try him again in a few minutes."

"Get him now—no more delays," the Man-with-the-Box cried threateningly. "Tell his secretary that it is a matter of life and death, and it is. Come, I cannot afford to wait much longer."

Shirley saw in the gleaming menace of the man's eyes that in that police reception room, dynamite was being played with in a most literal sense; or, even if the box did not contain explosive, then almost any sort of a maniacal outburst was imminent.

"Let me have the office of John Throop again," he called into the telephone. Then, after a short wait, he resumed in the vocal routine of telephone parlance, "Is this the secretary of Mr. John Throop?"

He covered the mouthpiece, and looking over to the man who was following every move of the pantomime intently, he said in a frustrated manner:

"Throop's secretary insists that Throop is in conference, and cannot be disturbed."

"What do I care about his conference?" the man shouted. "Break it up—bring him out of it. I'm sick of this twaddling. I told you to tell Throop that it is a matter of life and death."

The crack-brain was on the verge of frenzy. Shirley turned back quickly to the telephone and thundered:

"This is police headquarters speaking, the office of the chief. Go straight to Mr. Throop, and inform him that it is absolutely necessary for him to hurry up here without an instant's delay. We expect him to be here in twenty minutes—sooner if he can. Get this message to him wherever he is, and have him call us on the telephone as soon as he get it."

Shirley slammed the receiver back in its place with a brave show of having delivered an authoritative ultimatum. The Man-with-the-Box sat back in his chair, a grim expression of satisfaction tightening his quivering features.

"That is the only way you can move such fellows to action," he remarked bitterly. "Of course, he was in conference planning some new persecution of the people. Well, we'll put an end to it. We'll have a little conference of our own in which the poor will be ably represented." He smiled nervously, and fingered the box with his one hand.

"But suppose Throop when he comes, refuses to have anything to do with your plan," Shirley said earnestly. "Surely a man with your sympathies, your humane feelings, cannot bring himself to

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destroy scores of innocent men, as you will do if you explode that machine."

"What are a few lives when a big principle of value to all humanity is at stake," the man retorted contemptuously. "Your life! My life! The lives of a thousand about us! We are but little jots and tittles in the vast manuscript of human existence. If we vanish, nothing is gone. Nothing even is taken away from the sum total of men's sufferings. It is a small risk against the Great Prize—the replacing of sorrow, disease, and anguish with health, happiness, and the decent enjoyment of all the things Nature intended should be enjoyed, and an abortive civilization says shall not be."

Outside the room the clearest-thinking, most ingenuous men at Police Headquarters were racking their brains in desperate attempts to devise a means of overpowering the madman before he could explode his infernal machine. There were reckless, absurd suggestions. Someone proposed that the madman be shot and killed where he sat exactly as an officer would shoot a mad dog. Such legal murder was brusquely discarded. The man in his death throes might explode the infernal machine; and again after the unfortunate fellow lay dead, they might find the box contained nothing at all. A fine sequel that would be. Another proposed that by a private doorway several officers should enter the chief's room, which was not in use, and chloroform the intruder by blowing fumes under the door connecting with the reception room. The Man-with-the-Box was sitting close to the opening, and the thing seemed possible, but it, too, was discarded for fear that the madman would detect the smell before the chloroform mastered him, and almost any disaster might follow.

The police, however, prepared for the contingency of an explosion. Prisoners were transferred from the city to the county jail; the emergency hospital was moved two blocks away. The fire department was notified, and fire-lines were established around the entire block in which Police Headquarters was situated. But during it all, the regular functions of the police department went on without interruption throughout the entire city. Arrests were made and reported to Headquarters; patrol wagons went forth and gathered their usual passengers, although Headquarters was actually in a state of siege.

The awful simplicity of the situation, the suspense growing more and more nerve-racking as it was prolonged without change from one minute to the next, rendered more intense the menace of the gaunt madman, sitting with the fateful box under his arm, waiting for a man who was never to come. Where would it end?

He made no effort to conceal himself from others in the Police Headquarters, or why he was

A Well Known Engineer Laments

"ALTHOUGH there are more than five thousand uses for gas, most persons only think of it in connection with cooking meals or heating water.

"If they could visit Pittsburgh, Birmingham, Chicago or other large centers and see how gas is used in industry, the sight would stagger them and furnish clear proof of the future of gas for all kinds of heating work.

"Here huge burners consume more gas in a day than the average city of 50,000 inhabitants. Billets of steel melt under the roar of a blast that pierces the ears. Pipes through which men can crawl feed giant furnaces as large as a California bungalow—here gas is the foundation of industry."

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there. He watched indifferently, the passerbys in the corridor, and surveyed with equal unconcern officers who stopped at the door, or even stepped into the room and spoke to Shirley. But he always made clear to them by the menace of his manner, the deadly character of the box tucked under his arm. Several officers attempted to chat with him, but he ignored their attempts with lofty mien.

"A nice fellow like you doesn't want to kill a lot of folks who never did you harm," Gus Weiner said to him with the bluff cordiality he so successfully used on drunk-and-disorderlies. "Come on, like a good fellow, and let's get out of the hot room, and take a cool ride into the country, and think it over."

As Weiner took a step nearer, the form of the madman stiffened, and he glared ferociously at the officer.

"Stop where you are!" he commanded, lifting his left arm, and preparing to spring the infernal machine. The iron hook seemed to screech in the eyelet.

Weiner halted, and backed off, saying:

"Well, if that's the way you feel, I guess we'd better wait."

Word of the grim visitor at Police Headquarters had now transpired to the city; to city hall, the courthouse, business houses, and the newspapers. The firemen at their posts on the downtown streets caught the attention of pedestrians, the idle and the inquisitive at first, and later all who passed that way. They gathered first in little knots of curious questioners; then in rapidly expanding sworls of men and women; and finally by crowds till a throng of eight thousand people jammed the streets on three sides of a square of business blocks in which rose the gray stone structure of Police Headquarters. Wild stories of what was going on up the hill in that sombre building passed lip to lip. Held there by a rapt fascination to see what would happen, the thousands at the foot of the hill looked up to other thousands at the top beyond the gray walls, ranked in black ranks of figures like a lifeless audience painted on a theatre drop.

While they were standing there, the evening newspapers sent up extras blazoning such unwonted headlines as these: **"MANIAC SITS IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS WITH INFERNAL MACHINE."**

"MADMAN MAROONS POLICE WITH CASKET OF DYNAMITE."

"It's a great hoax," laughed the cynically wise.

But the crowd hung on, growing every minute, all waiting, silently watching, for the big scene at the end.

Within the outer office of the chief the minutes had dragged by with leaden feet the full length of an hour and more. Shirley, his forehead damp with sweat, and his finger nails broken, had tried his unwelcome visitor on every subject under the sun in a desperate effort to draw the disordered mind away from Throop and the man's own crazy mission, but the Man-with-the-Box always returned to his purpose with deadly persistence.

His patience was ebbing, too, with each succeeding minute. Shirley could see it in his eyes, and tightly pressed lips, and in the nervous fingering of the box pressed against his side. The crazy philosopher no longer cared to expatiate on his jumbled humanitarianism. He complained of the long time Throop was taking, and as his irritation waxed, Shirley seized the telephone and for a fifth time went through the hackneyed pretense of getting Throop's office and holding a conversation with the secretary.

"His secretary says Throop is coming by taxicab," Shirley said in a hoarse voice. "He'll sure be here in a minute or two."

But he saw that he was at the end of all temporizing. Something must be done, and done in the next few minutes. His face was more haggard than the hollow-cheeked madman before him. He was chilly, and his undergarments were clammy with perspiration. He was convinced that the insane bearer of the crude wooden box *did* have it filled with dynamite, and he was further convinced that the man would set off the mechanism of his infernal machine the instant he discovered that he was being fooled.

It was a time for desperate measures, a time for taking the long chance; and the means was born in the stress of the moment. Dan McGregor it was who saw the means and took the chance. He slipped into the chief's office by the private back entrance, and stole silently to the door on the other side of which sat the Man-with-the-Box. Dan had measured with his camera eye just where and how he sat, and he carried the mental picture of his location and his position, his nearness to the door to an inch.

Two officers in plain clothes entered the outer office from the corridor, and as they spoke to Shirley, McGregor turned the knob of the door a hair-breadth with each bated breath of his own, for fear the madman, a scant foot on the other side, would hear.

"Throop is outside and will be here in just a minute," the officer was telling Shirley.

McGregor pushed open the door a fraction of an inch, then an inch, and still another inch. He could see the black derby of the Man-with-the-Box through the meager slit, and below it the nape of his neck and a narrow zone of dun-colored hair.

"All right, bring him in," Shirley answered blankly, not understanding what they were about.

McGregor now had the door open half a foot.

(*Continued on page* 56)

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Your dream of a vacation comes true in the remarkable "Vacation Fortnight" to Hollywood-by-the-Sea—the outstanding vacation of the summer of 1925.

Hundreds of vacationists in the north are realizing this unparalleled opportunity, and are going to the southland on this delightful summer tour.

Nothing like it has ever been presented to the people of your community. Just look at what it offers, and what it costs! A 3-day cruise down the Atlantic seacoast. Seven days at one of the most attractive Florida seacoast hotels, and another 3-day cruise back home. Every hour filled with delightful recreation and rest.

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Thousands of people in the north are learning for the first time this summer what more sophisticated travelers have learned: that this unique southeast coast of Florida is the most delightful shore in the country for a summer vacation. A prevailing southeast wind blowing off the great expanse of the Atlantic keeps the beach at Hollywood cool; yet the water is just right in temperature for surf bathing.

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Compare what all this offers, and what it costs with anything in the form of vacation that has come before your eyes. Every comfort, everything to entertain you, everything to send you back home with mind rested and body fit, is to be found on this trip.

What's more, it gives you a chance to see today the most talked-about spot in our country—the magical Florida's southeast coast!

You cannot afford to overlook this remarkable vacation offer for any one of a score of powerful reasons As well as entertain you, it will broaden your experience, and give you many a new idea on life. Reservations are coming in great numbers Lose no time in making your own.

Mail in coupon below for complete information.

$100.

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Average temperature during summer 80.8 degrees—every day a June Day

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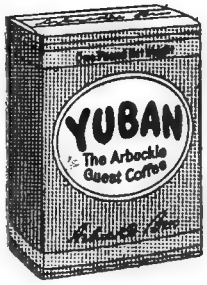

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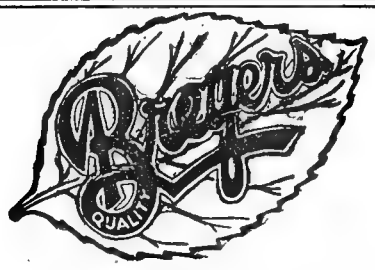

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Eat 2 to 3 cakes a day

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At all grocers'

(*Continued from page* 54)

It was enough. Like a fleeting shadow his hand and forearm darted through the narrow space, and with one neat short-arm blow he snapped his blackjack straight and true against the skull of the madman, just between the nape of his neck and rim of the black derby.

The Man-with-the-Box slumped in his chair. His chin sank to his breast, but his left arm and the hook lay still. The officers sprang forward, and gently freed the iron hook from the eyelet in the box; and then they slipped the grim device out of the limp arm that supported it.

Shirley shivered and drew a long deep breath; the headquarters throughout rang with the chatter of men released from mental strain. They carried the insensible form of the madman back into the abandoned emergency hospital. Word trickled down the hill and up too, that it was all over; the fire department picked up its apparatus, and the crowd scattered.

"I told you it was a hoax," jeered the cynically wise. "But it was a peach of a false alarm."

* * *

Still it wasn't all over. There was the rude unpainted box up at Police Headquarters. It was unopened, and nobody cared to open it. What was in it—dynamite or thin air? They took it out into the country with a fair amount of precaution, and laid it in a broad expanse of waste land. They attached a wire to the eyelet, and placed a huge boulder on top. This done, from the safe distance of a hundred yards, they pulled the wire.

There was a thundering crash; the huge stone shot high into the air. And in the place where the crude unpainted box had rested, was a ghostly hole which would have buried a whole platoon of police.

The Sign in the Sky

(*Continued from page* 19)

He was silent for some minutes before he went on.

"Not that it matters. For the next part is only too clear, unfortunately. It was exactly twenty minutes past six when the shot was heard. All the servants heard it, the cook, the kitchen-maid, the butler, the housemaid and Lady Barnaby's own maid. They rushed to the music room. She lay prone beside her chair. The gun had been discharged close to the back of her head, so that the shot hadn't a chance to scatter. The wound was not pleasant."

He paused again and Mr. Quin asked casually.

"The servants gave evidence, I suppose?"

Mr. Satterthwaite nodded.

"Yes. The butler had reached the room a second or two before the rest, but their evidence was practically a repetition of each others."

(*Continued on page* 58)

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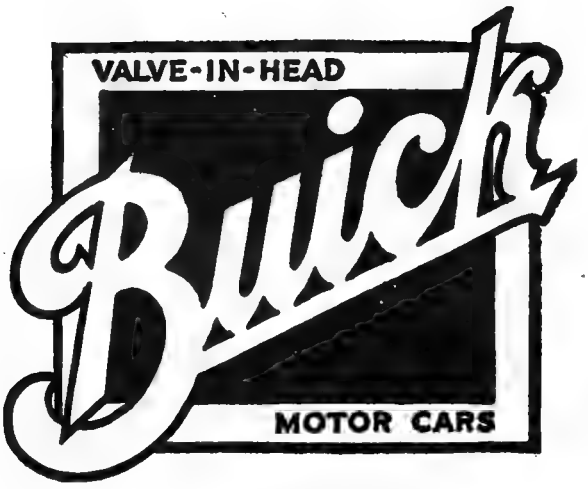

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(*Continued from page* 56)

"So they *all* gave evidence," said Mr. Quin musingly. "There were no exceptions?"

"Now I remember it," said Mr. Satterthwaite, "the housemaid was only called at the inquest. She's gone to Canada since, I believe."

"I see," said Mr. Quin.

There was a silence, and somehow the air of the little restaurant seemed to be charged with an uneasy feeling. Mr. Satterthwaite felt suddenly as if he were on the defensive.

"Why shouldn't she?" he said abruptly.

"Why should she?" said Mr. Quin with a very slight shrug of the shoulders.

Somehow, the question annoyed Mr. Satterthwaite. He wanted to shy away from it—to win back to familiar ground.

"There couldn't be much doubt who fired the shot. As a matter of fact the servants seemed to have lost their heads a bit. There was no one in the house to take charge. Several minutes elapsed before anyone thought of ringing up the police and when they did so they found that the telephone was out of order."

"Oh!" said Mr. Quin. "The telephone was out of order?"

"It was," said Mr. Satterthwaite—and was struck suddenly by the feeling that he had said something tremendously important. "It might, of course, have been done on purpose," he said slowly. "But there seems no point to that. Death was practically instantaneous."

Mr. Quin said nothing, and Mr. Satterthwaite felt that his explanation was unsatisfactory.

"There was absolutely no one to suspect but young Wylde," he went on. "By his own account, even, he was only out of the house three minutes before the shot was fired. And who else could have fired it? Sir George was at a bridge party a few houses away. He left there at half-past six and was met just outside the gate by a servant bringing him the news. The last rubber finished at half-past six exactly—no doubt about that. Then there was Sir George's secretary, Henry Thompson. He was in London that day, and actually at a business meeting at the moment the shot was fired. Finally there is Sylvia Dale, who, after all, had a perfectly good motive, impossible as it seems that she should have had anything to do with such a crime. She was at the station of Deering Vale seeing a friend off by the 6:28 train. That lets her out. Then the servants. What earthly motive could anyone of them have? Besides, they all arrived on the spot practically simultaneously. No, it must have been Martin Wylde."

But he said it in a dissatisfied kind of voice.

They went on with their lunch. Mr. Quin was not in a talkative mood, and Mr. Satterthwaite had said all he had to say. But the silence was not a barren one. It was filled with the growing dissatisfaction of Mr. Satterthwaite, heightened and fostered in some strange way by the mere quiescence of the other man.

Mr. Satterthwaite suddenly put down his knife and fork with a clatter.

"Supposing that that young man is really innocent," he said. "He's going to be hanged."

He looked very startled and upset about it. And still Mr. Quin said nothing.

"It's not as though—" began Mr. Satterthwaite, and stopped. "Why shouldn't the woman go to Canada?" he ended inconsequently.

Mr. Quin shook his head.

"I don't even know what part of Canada she went to," continued Mr. Satterthwaite peevishly.

"Could you find out?" suggested the other.

"I suppose I could. The butler, now. He'd know. Or possibly Thompson, the secretary.

He paused again. When he resumed speech his voice sounded almost pleading.

"It's not as though it were anything to do with me?"

"That a young man is going to be hanged? In a little over three weeks?"

"Well, yes—if you put it that way, I suppose. Yes, I see what you mean. Life and death. And that poor girl, too. It's not that I'm hard-hearted—but, after all, what good will it do? Isn't the whole thing rather fantastic? Even if I find out where the woman's gone to in Canada—why, it would probably mean that I should have to go out there myself?"

Mr. Satterthwaite looked seriously upset.

"And I was thinking of going to the Riviera next week," he said pathetically.

And his glance towards Mr. Quin said as plainly as it could be said, "Do let me off, won't you?"

"You have never been to Canada?"

"Never."

"A very interesting country."

Mr. Satterthwaite looked at him undecidedly.

"You think I ought to go?"

Mr. Quin leaned back in his chair and lighted a cigarette. Between puffs of smoke, he spoke deliberately.

"You are, I believe, a rich man, Mr. Satterthwaite. Not a millionaire, but a man able to indulge a hobby without counting the expense. You have looked on at the dramas of other people. Have you never contemplated stepping in and playing a part? Have you never seen yourself for a minute as the arbiter of other people's destinies—standing in the center of the stage with life and death in your hands?"

Mr. Satterthwaite leant forward. The old eagerness surged over him.

"You mean—if I go on this wild goose chase to Canada—?"

Mr. Quinn smiled.

(*Continued on page* 60)

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(*Continued from page* 58)

"Oh! it was your suggestion, going to Canada, not mine," he said lightly.

"You can't put me off like that," said Mr. Satterthwaite earnestly. "Whenever I have come across you—" He stopped.

"Well?"

"There is something about you I do not understand. Perhaps I never shall. The last time I met you—"

"On Midsummer's Eve."

Mr. Satterthwaite was startled, as though the words held a clue that he did not quite understand.

"Was it Midsummer Eve?" he asked confusedly.

"Yes. But let us not dwell on that. It is unimportant, is it not?"

"Since you say so," said Mr. Satterthwaite courteously. He felt that elusive clue slipping through his fingers. "When I come back from Canada—" he paused a little awkwardly—"I—I should much like to see you again."

"I am afraid I have no fixed address for the moment," said Mr. Quin regretfully. "But I often come to this place. If you also frequent it, we shall no doubt meet before very long."

They parted pleasantly.

Mr. Satterthwaite was very excited. He hurried round to Cook's and inquired about boat sailings. Then he rang up Deering Hill. The voice of a butler, suave and deferential, answered him.

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"Would that be Louisa, sir? Louisa Bullard?"

"That is the name," said Mr. Satterthwaite, very pleased to be told it.

"I regret she is not in this country, sir. She went to Canada six months ago."

"Can you give me her present address?"

The butler was afraid he could not. It was a place in the mountains she had gone to—a Scotch name—ah! Banff, that was it. Some of the other young women in the house had been expecting to hear from her, but she had never written or given them any address.

Mr. Satterthwaite thanked him and rang off. He was still undaunted. The adventurous spirit was strong in his breast. He would go to Banff. If this Louisa Bullard were there, he would track her down somehow or other.

To his own surprise, he enjoyed the trip greatly. It was many years since he had taken a long sea voyage. The Riviera, Le Touquet and Deauville, and Scotland had been his usual round. The feeling that he was setting off on an impossible mission added a secret zest to his journey. What an utter fool these fellow travellers of his would think him did they but know the object of his quest! But then—they were not acquainted with Mr. Quin.

In Banff he found his objective easily attained. Louisa Bullard was employed in the large hotel there. Twelve hours after his arrival he was standing face to face with her.

She was a woman of about thirty-five, anemic-looking, but with a strong frame. She had pale brown hair inclined to curl, and a pair of honest brown eyes. She was, he thought, slightly stupid, but very trustworthy.

She accepted quite readily his statement that he had been asked to collect a few further facts from her about the tragedy at Deering Hill.

"I saw in the paper that Mr. Martin Wylde had been convicted, sir. Very sad, it is, too."

She seemed, however, to have no doubt as to his guilt.

"A nice young gentleman gone wrong. But though I wouldn't speak ill of the dead, it was her ladyship what led him on. Wouldn't leave him alone, she wouldn't. Well, they've both got their punishment. There's a text used to hang on my wall when I was a child, 'God is not mocked,' and it's very true. I knew something was going to happen that very morning—and sure enough it did."

"How was that?" said Mr. Satterthwaite.

"I was in my room, sir, changing my dress, and I happened to glance out of the window. There was a train going along, and the white smoke of it rose up in the air, and if you'll believe me it formed itself into the sign of a gigantic hand. A great white hand against the crimson of the sky. The fingers were crooked, like, as though they were reaching out for something. It fair gave me a turn. Did you ever now? I said to myself. That's a sign of something coming—and sure enough at that very minute I heard the shot. 'It's come,' I said to myself, and I rushed downstairs and joined Carrie and the others who were in the hall, and we went into the Music Room and there she was—shot through the head—and the blood and everything. Horrible! I spoke up, I did, and told Sir George how I'd seen the sign beforehand, but he didn't seem to think much of it. An unlucky day, that was—I'd felt it in my bones from early in the morning. Friday, and the 13th—what could you expect?"

She rambled on. Mr. Satterthwaite was patient. Again and again he took her back to the crime, questioning her closely. In the end he was forced to confess defeat. Louisa Bullard had told all she knew, and her story was perfectly simple and straightforward.

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cepted the job although it involved her leaving England very hurriedly. A Mr. Denman had made all the arrangements this end and had also warned her not to write to her fellow servants, in England as this might "get her into trouble with the immigration authorities" which statement she had accepted in blind faith.

The amount of the wages, casually mentioned by her, was indeed so large that Mr. Satterthwaite was startled. After some hesitation he made up his mind to approach this Mr. Denman.

He found very little difficulty in inducing Mr. Denman to tell all he knew. The latter had come across Thompson in London, and Thompson had done him a good turn. The secretary had written to him in September saying that for personal reasons Sir George was anxious to get this girl out of England. Could he find her a job? A sum of money had been sent to raise the wages to a high figure.

"Usual trouble, I guess," said Mr. Denman, leaning back nonchalantly in his chair. "Seems a nice quiet girl, too."

Mr. Satterthwaite did not agree that this was the usual trouble. Louisa Bullard, he was sure, was not a cast-off-fancy of Sir George Barnaby's. For some reason it had been vital to bundle her out of England. But why? And who was at the bottom of it? Sir George himself, working through Thompson? Or the latter working on his own initiative, and dragging in his employer's name?

Still pondering over these questions, Mr. Satterthwaite made the return journey. He was cast down and despondent. His journey had done no good.

Smarting under a sense of failure, he made his way to the Arlecchine the day after his return. He hardly expected to be successful the first time, but to his satisfaction the familiar figure was sitting at the table in the recess and the dark face of Mr. Harley Quin smiled a welcome.

"Well," said Mr. Satterthwaite as he settled primly into his chair, "you sent me on a nice wild goose-chase."

Mr. Quin raised his eyebrows.

"I sent you?" he objected. "It was your own idea entirely."

"Whosever idea it was, it's not succeeded. Louisa Bullard has nothing to tell."

Thereupon Mr. Satterthwaite related the details of his conversation with the housemaid and then went on to his interview with Mr. Denman. Mr. Quin listened in silence.

"In one sense, I was justified," continued Mr. Satterthwaite. "She was deliberately got out of the way. But why? I can't see it."

"No?" said Mr. Quin, and his voice was, as ever, provocative. Mr. Satterthwaite flushed.

"I daresay you think I might have questioned her more adroitly. I can assure you that I took her over the story again and again. It was not my fault that I did not get what we want."

"Are you sure," said Mr. Quin, "that you did not get what you want?"

Mr. Satterthwaite looked up at him in astonishment, and met that sad mocking gaze he knew so well.

The little man shook his head, slightly bewildered.

There was a silence, and then Mr. Quin said with a total change of manner.

"You gave me a very clear picture the other day of the people in this business. In a few words you made them stand out as if they had been etched. I wish you would do something of that kind for the place—you left that in shadow."

Mr. Satterthwaite was flattered.

"The place? Deering Hill? Well, its a very ordinary sort of house nowadays. Red brick, you know, and bay windows. Quite hideous outside, but very comfortable inside. Not a large house. About two acres of ground. They're all much the same, those houses round the links. Built for rich men to live in. The inside of the house is reminiscent of a hotel—the bedrooms are like hotel suites. Baths and hot and cold water basins in all the bedrooms and a good many gilded electric light fittings. All wonderfully comfortable, but not very country-like. You can tell that Deering Vale is only nineteen miles from London."

Mr. Quin listened attentively.

"The train service is bad, I have heard," he remarked.

"Oh! I don't know about that," said Mr. Satterthwaite, warming to his subject. "I was down there for a bit last summer. I found it quite convenient for town. Of course the trains only go every hour. 48 minutes past the hour from Waterloo—up to 10.48."

"And how long does it take to Deering Vale?"

"Just about three quarters of an hour. 28 minutes past the hour at Deering Vale."

"Of course," said Mr. Quin with a gesture of vexation. "I should have remembered. Miss Dale saw someone off by the 6.28 that evening, didn't she?"

Mr. Satterthwaite did not reply for a minute or two. His mind had gone back with a rush to his unsolved problem. Presently he said.

"I wish you would tell me what you meant just now when you asked me if I was sure I had not got what I wanted?"

It sounded rather complicated, put that way, but Mr. Quin made no pretense of misunderstanding.

"I just wondered if you weren't being a little too exacting. After all you found out that Louisa Bullard was deliberately got out of the country. That being so, there must be a reason. And the reason must lie in what she said to you."

"Well," said Mr. Satterthwaite argumentatively.

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"What did she say? If she'd given evidence at the trial, what could she have said?"

"She might have told what she saw," said Mr. Quin.

"What did she see?"

"A sign in the sky."

Mr. Satterthwaite stared at him.

"Are you thinking of *that* nonsense? That superstitious notion of its being the hand of God?"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Quin. "For all you and I can say it may have been the Hand of God, you know."

The other was clearly puzzled at the gravity of his manner.

"Nonsense," he said. "She said herself it was the smoke of the train."

"An up train or a down train, I wonder," murmured Mr. Quin.

"Hardly an up train. They go at ten minutes to the hour. It must have been a down train—the 6.28—no, that won't do. She said the shot came immediately afterwards, and we know the shot was fired at twenty minutes past six. The train couldn't have been ten minutes early."

"Hardly, on that line," agreed Mr. Quin.

Mr. Satterthwaite was staring ahead of him.

"Perhaps a goods train," he murmured. "But surely, if so—"

"There would have been no need to get her out of England. I agree," said Mr. Quin.

Mr. Satterthwaite gazed at him, fascinated.

"The 6.28," he said slowly. "But if so, if the shot was fired then, why did everyone say it was earlier."

"Obvious," said Mr. Quin. "The clocks must have been wrong."

"All of them?" said Mr. Satterthwaite doubtfully. "That's a pretty, tall, coincidence, you know."

"I wasn't thinking of it as a coincidence," said the other. "I was thinking that it was Friday."

"Friday?" said Mr. Satterthwaite.

"You did tell me, you know, that Sir George always wound the clocks on a Friday afternoon," said Mr. Quin apologetically.

"He put them back ten minutes," said Mr. Satterthwaite, almost in a whisper, so awed was he by the discoveries he was making. "Then he went out to Bridge. I think he must have opened the note from his wife to Martin Wylde that morning —yes, decidedly he opened it. He left his Bridge party at 6.30, found Martin's gun standing by the side door, and went in and shot her from behind. Then he went out again, threw the gun into the bushes where it was found later and was apparently just coming out of the neighbour's gate when someone came running to fetch him. His gloves precluded the possibility of his fingerprints being found with those of Wylde. But the telephone—what about the telephone? Ah! yes, I see. He disconnected it so that a summons could not be sent to the police that way—they would have noted

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the time it was received. And Wylde's story works out now. The real time he left was five and twenty past six. Walking slowly, he would reach home about quarter to seven. Yes, I see it all. Louisa was the only danger with her endless talk about her superstitious fancies. Someone might realise the significance of the train and then—good bye to that excellent alibi."

"Wonderful," commented Mr. Quin.

Mr. Satterthwaite turned to him, flushed with success.

"The only thing is—how to proceed now?"

"I should suggest Sylvia Dale," said Mr. Quin.

Mr. Satterthwaite looked doubtful.

"I mentioned to you," he said. "She seemed to me a little—er—stupid."

"She has a father and brothers who will take the necessary steps."

"That is true," said Mr. Satterthwaite, relieved.

A very short time afterwards he was sitting with the girl telling her the story. She listened attentively. She put no questions to him but when he had done she rose.

"I must have a taxi—at once."

"My dear child, what are you going to do?"

"I am going to Sir George Barnaby."

"Impossible. Absolutely the wrong procedure. Allow me to—"

He twittered on by her side. But he produced no impression. Sylvia Dale was intent on her own plans. She allowed him to go with her in the taxi, but to all his remonstrances she addressed a deaf ear. She left him in the taxi while she went into Sir George's city office.

It was half an hour later when she came out. She looked exhausted, her fair beauty drooped like a waterless flower. Mr. Satterthwaite received her with concern.

"I've won," she murmured, as she leant back with half closed eyes.

"What?" he was startled. "What did you do? What did you say?"

She sat up a little.

"I told him that Louisa Bullard had been to the police with her story. I told him that the police had continued their inquiries and that he had been seen going into his own grounds and out again a few minutes after half past six. I told him that the game was up. He—he went to pieces. I told him that there was still time for him to get away, that the police weren't coming for another hour to arrest him. But they came in as I went out. You have not had time to send for them and I know I didn't. How they came there I don't know and do not care. *I* knew nothing of it. I told him that if he'd sign a confession that he'd killed Vivien I'd do nothing, but that if he didn't I'd scream and tell the whole building the truth. He was so panicky that he didn't know what he was doing. He signed the paper without having realised that he had done it."

She thrust it into his hands.

"Take it—take it. You know what to do with it so that they'll set Martin free."

"He actually signed it," cried Mr. Satterthwaite amazed.

"He is a little stupid, you know," said Sylvia Dale. "So am I," she added as an afterthought. "That is why I know how stupid people behave. We get rattled, you know, and then we do the wrong thing and are sorry afterwards."

She shivered and Mr. Satterthwaite patted her hand.

"You need something to pull you together," he said. "Come, we are close to a very favourite resort of mine—the Arlecchine. Have you ever been there?"

She shook her head.

Mr. Satterthwaite stopped the taxi and took the girl into the little restaurant. He made his way to the table in the recess his heart beating hopefully. But the table was empty.

Sylvia Dale saw the disappointment in his face.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing," said Mr. Satterthwaite. "That is, I have expected to see a friend of mine here. It doesn't matter. Someday, I expect, I shall see him again. . . . ."

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To Kill or to Let Die

(*Continued from page 44*)

like a flash, stumbling over a heavy chair and dropping his pistol as the Japanese again lifted his weapon and rushed toward him.

There was no time for thought and no time to dodge. He was in a corner. The end seemed inevitable. There was but one thing to do. He did it,—without thinking, purely by instinct.

At the moment of contact with the chair he had grasped it to save himself from falling. Its wooden back was still under his hand. Now, in the breath of time that it took for the naked madman to cover the few feet intervening between them, Graham seized the chair with both hands and swung it up in front of him.

With a sparkling glint of tempered steel the heavy sword arced through the air. And it struck —not Graham's skull, but the ancient chair, cleaving its way through the stout wood, to its full length, so that the chair split in two parts and clattered to the floor.

Graham was not under the chair when it fell. He had jumped swiftly to one side and, before the Japanese could recover his balance, Graham had him again in an all-embracing, bearlike hug. Again he heaved mightily, lifted the Oriental clear of the floor, and hurled him with all his strength into the corner, where he crashed against the floor and the wall, sword and all. And, then, thinking more clearly than before, Graham followed up and pounced on him with his full weight.

There was no need for this. The punishment was more than any human body could stand. The Japanese lay still, a gory, deathly, pitiful sight.

After a few breathless seconds Graham had turned the inert figure over and had secured its wrists firmly behind in the sure grip of his handcuffs.

Presently the milling crowds on Rivington Street were astounded and thrilled by the sight of a tall, blood-covered policeman, who came racing out of a grimy tenement house, after ploughing a brutal path through a large group of huddled and horrified Japanese, and galloped madly for the nearest telephone.

The following day Patrolman Eddie Graham, none the worse for his battle, but wearing his old second-best uniform, was pounding the pavement on his regular beat. Making his first box call he was interested at the words of his lieutenant:

"Hey, Graham. As soon as Noonan comes to relieve you, go up to Bellevue and see a dying Japanese that's asking for you. The one you mussed up last night. You can have a couple of hours. He says it's important. Don't let him put anything over on you."

It was a different man that Graham found at the hospital, lying in bed with a screen on one

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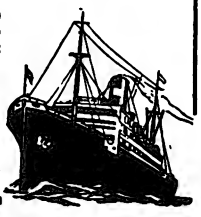

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side, and guarded by one of the officers on duty at the hospital.

The Oriental was calm and entirely rational. When Graham approached him his eyes lighted up with infinite tenderness and gladness, although, as the nurse had told Graham, he had but a few hours at most to live.

"Ah, officer Graham, I am glad to see you, my son. You bring me great peace and happiness."

"Yeah? How come?" said Graham, flippantly, in puzzlement.

"I desire to ask your forgiveness and to extend to you my own."

Graham's curiosity grew.

"What for?"

"I crave your forgiveness for causing you such unpleasantness yesterday. It was very thoughtless of me, and, I assure you, quite unintentional."

"Oh, that's all right," said Graham, good naturedly. "It's all part of the game."

"My boy," the injured man went on, "there are many things you do not understand. If you have a few minutes and will condescend to listen I will tell you something of interest."

"All right, shoot."

"I am of an old and honored Japanese family, of a caste favored above others in my country. One of our greatest privileges is that of committing the honorable act of hari-kari when we desire to join our ancestors. Lately I have learned that my august family—I have a wife and four children—have suffered because of my long-time neglect. For certain reasons I do not desire to return to them. I prefer to pass to my ancestors. But I desire their material happiness. Therefore, I have planned completely.

"Yesterday in that house of low Japanese I prepared to seek my ancestors. It is forbidden such people to interfere when a person of my high caste engages in hari-kari. Then you unexpectedly entered, summoned by a low-born person, who is a Japanese Christian. I was startled and acted in an unthinking manner. I have been told that I caused damage to your clothing. You have forgiven me, and I die in peace.

"I have this day written a new will which will be carried out. I have left you money which will secure new clothing and which I desire you—accept as apology for my—careless actions yesterday. My—family will not miss—trifling amount—ah—beloved Suzuki—I come——."

As Graham, overwhelmed with a sudden feeling of pity, seized the hand extended to him, and as the nurse came swiftly to the bedside, the Oriental's head fell back and his desire to join his ancestors was granted.

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Baggage

(*Continued from page* 13)

"That's a pretty shawl." He moved up beside her in the sidewalk press.

Hazel's bobbed head went up haughtily. But her lips curled in a smile. 'Slim' had not been near her, since their unhappy parting. Perhaps, the girl reasoned, a good-looking friend would arouse jealousy. That was always the professional method. 'Slim' had stolen the shawl for her. There were other trinkets as desirable. She sensed, somehow, that this reckless lover could be valuable to her—with proper training. If through the stranger's attentions she could win 'Slim' back.

"Glad you like it," said Hazel.

Wilkins fell into step beside her.

"Where'd you get it?"

The girl laughed. "Gee, you're inquisitive, ain't yuh?"

"I have to be," said Wilkins, half turning. "Little girl, I want to look at that shawl. Take it off a minute."

He twisted the lapel of his coat quickly, revealing his shield. At the same time, he gently steered the girl over towards the window of a delicatessen. She went willingly enough, puzzled, not yet frightened. She drew the shawl from her shoulders with a graceful gesture and handed it to Wilkins. He found the rent almost immediately.

At roll-call the lieutenant had remarked that the stolen shawl was torn. The remnant, taken from the shattered glass in the Fifth avenue window, was at Headquarters.

"I'll have to take you over to the station," said Wilkins. "You can tell the captain where you got this thing."

Hazel was frightened now. She sobbed once, then caught her emotions, and smiled.

"I'll tell him all I know," she replied, calmly.

And she did.

The captain took her name and address and made sundry notes, as she told about 'Slim.' Then Wilkins walked back to Bleecker street with her and left her there at the shabby entrance to her home where fat, greasy women lolled on the steps.

"If Slim comes around tonight, I wouldn't say anything to him about this if I were you," he cautioned.

"Why?"

"Because, if you did, we'd have to arrest you as an accomplice," replied the detective. "We're going easy on you, if you play square . . . if you don't . . ."

(5)

When 'Slim' came back, that night, the girl remembered Wilkins.

At about eleven o'clock 'Slim' left a pool-room over in Sixth avenue, hoping that he would find

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Hazel on the steps before the tenement house.

It is queer country in that section. Bleecker street may be ablaze with light, while just around the corner in one of the crooked side streets the gloom is heavy, brooding, ominous, like a moor beneath a pall of dank mist, that is neither fog nor rain. Figures move in the shadows silently, slump-shouldered, like the mangy, black cats that cringe in the gutters.

'Slim' was whistling softly to himself, his hands thrust into his coat pockets. A figure trailing him from Sixth avenue closed up and was six feet behind him before 'Slim' heard the footfalls. When he did hear them, the youth whirled.

"Wait a minute, 'Slim'," the approaching man spoke sharply, in a tone that crackled. "I want to talk to you."

'Slim' waited, peering at the man until he saw his face in the rays from a sickly street arc. By that time they were within arms reach. 'Slim' spun to the curb and started to run.

"Stop, or I'll plug you."

The voice was that of Detective Wilkins and it was hard now, with nothing in it of the blasé amusement it had sounded when he spoke to Hazel.

From 'Slim's' coat pocket there spurted a short, red blaze. In the same instant, the dull bark of his automatic roused the murky street. Wilkins clawed at his chest, spun around twice, and fell to the pavement. He lay quite still.

'Slim' moved swiftly across the street into the shadows and was gone.

When the police-alarm was spread and the net, composed of watchful plain clothes men and patrolmen, covered every avenue of escape, 'Slim' still retained high hopes. He had taken refuge in a deserted cellar in Morton street. They would scarcely look there just yet. He knew the police and their ways well enough to realize that taxicabs and subways would be watched, along with his haunts.

When Morton street lay dull and heavy, like some huge, twisting animal in a stupor, 'Slim' picked his careful way to Seventh avenue and across to Bleecker street. His plan was well-formed. He would go first to Hazel's flat. Her people would keep quiet. He was lightly built and in the costume of a girl he had won many prizes at the Bleecker street masquerade balls. The police would never think of that.

A gaunt, yellow cat, embittered by life in the gutters, yowled sourly and 'Slim' started. From somewhere across town, the siren of a fire engine shrilled as he paused in the shadow of a doorway. It was like a bad omen. But no human figure interrupted. In a moment he crossed the wide expanse of Seventh avenue and disappeared into the foggy gloom of Bleecker street.

But 'Slim' forgot two things in his calculations—the torn shawl and the bitterness of a selfish heart. 'Slim' had never been strong on analysis.

Entering the darkened doorway of the tenement he moved noiselessly up the stairs and reaching the Norris landing, tapped cautiously on the door. He had to knock three times before there was a response.

"It's me—Slim," he saif softly. "Let me in a minute, Kid."

"You beat it," came the unmistakable voice of his sweetheart through the door. "You aint' goin' to get *me* mixed up in your crooked stuff. G'wan now, or—I'll call the bulls."

At the foot of the stairs 'Slim' walked into the arms of two detectives who had been expecting that he would call on Hazel. There is more to the expression "find the woman" than just a title, and of this the detectives are aware.

"What d'ye make of her for a pal?" 'Slim' asked of the grayness in his cell at the Tombs. "The damned baggage!" he added, bitterly.

And Hazel, reading the account of his arrest in the morning paper, remarked across the littered breakfast table to her mother; "He's a cheap sport . . . handin' me that torn rag. I hope they send him t' the chair."

Hazel's hopes were realized early one morning while she was yet asleep. The papers stated that 'Slim' died "game," but of course, he never realized . . . how could he know that a careless hand and a jagged edge of glass would sever the pity from a human soul, as it had ripped the threads of a Spanish shawl?

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A Discreet Chaperone

(*Continued from page* 22)

the yokels, when I happened along and joined the rest of the Humpty-Dumpties. He plied his swindling trade for some time, before the local constable came along and caught him.

Then, one of the queerest dispensations of justice I ever witnessed took place.

While two of the players held onto the prisoner, the constable went through the gambler's pockets. Then he asked each player how much he had lost—deducted the amounts named from the prisoner's cash on hand, and escorted him to the depot. There he bought a ticket for Boston, put him on the train and told him that if he was ever seen in those parts again he'd jail him.

Of course, they'd have handled the case differently in Red Dog, Arizona.

What's right at Atlantic City may be wrong at Catalina, California.

At Revere Beach, Mass., on a Sunday, I've been cautioned against speeding along the boulevard at so fast a clip as twenty miles an hour, while at Asbury Park, N. J. not so very long ago, I was told by a motorcycle officer to "step on it" and not tie up traffic. I was doing almost thirty miles an hour at the time.

Petting and necking is a problem everywhere.

Down at Coney, just this summer, I ran across a sailor and his sweetheart, seated in a rather out-of-the-way spot underneath the boardwalk. They were doing a very excellent imitation of Strangler Lewis and Joe Stecker, trying for a fall. It was broad daylight. The policeman on patrol there eyed them critically half a dozen times, but always passed on.

When it eventually became dark he walked up to within a few yards of the couple and very politely told them "sorry, but no one is allowed under the boardwalk after dark." The ardent swain and his lady left, though we'd hardly say good naturedly.

At other resorts I've seen countless "necking" parties going on as late as 2 o'clock in the morning —undisturbed.

The Municipal Court in one city has even placed its O. K. on one-arm driving for the promotion of automobile petting parties.

"Necking" is permitted at San Francisco's resorts. There's an "anti-spooning" ordinance, but it is loosely enforced.

In that city there was a row of cypress trees growing along the beach esplanade. The city Park Commission cut out each alternate tree three years ago, leaving just room to park an automobile between each two trees—in perfect seclusion.

When a San Francisco police captain was asked what one of his men would do should he catch a fellow and girl in a Romeo-Juliet clinch in a park, he replied: "He undoubtedly would consider it none of his darned business and pass on."

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Los Angeles has an ordinance which prohibits "aggressive love-making" but that term is broadly interpreted by police.

Then there's always the question of playing on the beach.

At Rockaway, ball playing is a common practice. Bathers even play four and five-inning games. Never heard of them being stopped, although I'll admit I have no knowledge whether the beach regulations permit it. Yet, at Nantasket, outside of Boston, I've had many a bawling out for attempting the same thing. At most beaches, "catch" with a soft ball is permitted, baseball is not.

World's speed records for automobiling have been created at Daytona and Ormond Beaches in Florida, yet nowhere along the shores of the big resorts around New York are automobiles allowed on the sand.

Last summer when I was up at Oakland Beach, Rye, N. Y., I saw half a hundred canoes engaged in a ramming contest in the water, purposely overturned, and what not. Youngsters no more than twelve and thirteen were paddling far from shore. Visitors to Oakland think it's great and the private beach police never interfere.

Try to get away with anything like that at Coney, where the regulation governing such matters reads: "289. USE OF BEACH.—No person shall rent out a rowboat thereon, or ride a horse or pony upon the beach or bathe or fish from a jetty without a permit from the Borough President."

Not a few times I barely escaped the toils myself.

But that is nobody's business.

My escapes and those of many others led me to believe that it was an unusually kind Providence that kept watch over "Beachers." Certainly, I thought, they are blessed with more than an average amount of luck.

My reflections led to investigation, and I went down to Long Beach and talked the matter over with Acting Chief, Captain William J. Barriscale. I also paid a visit to Captain Cummings at Coney Island.

From them I learned that my own and others' supposed good fortune was no such thing at all,—that I was just one of the types whose beach conduct is the every-day standard.

Every man on the force, I was told, knew me to a "T", not by name, of course, or by looks, but by characteristic actions.

They knew that I'd not heed signs, but that I wouldn't disobey verbal warnings. I might sacrifice my life, but never my fun. I'd be inclined to fight if my adversary were ordered away, but wouldn't if I were told to move on—or if both of us were sent in opposite directions. I might smile to a girl, but would never seize her by the arm.

Here, thought I, is a man the Society of Psychists should know about—a mind-reader, if there ever was one.

I made some such allusion. "Nonsense," said the Acting Chief, "there are over 260,000 people down here week-ends during the summer. 200,000 are like yourself, 59,975 are more moderate in their search for fun, the other 25 are here to prey upon all the rest. These last we know and watch. It's just a matter of careful supervision, and subdivision of work.

Then, after a brief description of this modern young city which Senator Wm. H. Reynolds and a group of smart real estate promoters built up alongside the sea, with concrete streets, up-to-date stores, apartment houses and hotels, all inside of three and a half years, he outlined the system of policing that obtains there.

"Long Beach," he said, "is 6½ miles long and a mile and a quarter wide, with a permanent population of 20,000, and a summer population of three times that number. The transients runs as high as 250,000 on extremely hot Saturdays and Sundays.

"Main Street parallels the beach and right on the ocean front is a board walk, cemented for six miles and built up for half of that distance.

"Besides the high class shops and markets there are the usual resort concessions—ring toss, Chinese ball rolling, shooting galleries, dance halls, restaurants and bathing pavilions.

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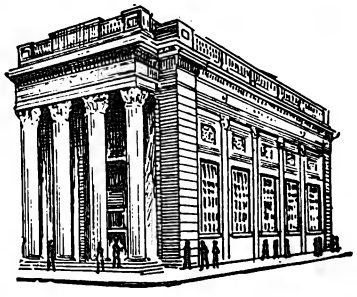

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seventy-five men, three of whom are in plain clothes the rest in uniform. Officers, besides myself are Lt. James J. Mahoney, Acting Captain; Lt. Chester Jones, Identification Bureau and Motor Squad; and Lt. George Hardy, in command of the West End Station.

"Then there is Sergt. Joseph McCabe, who, only a few years back constituted the entire police force.

"These seventy-five men, I spoke of, are divided into three shifts—24 uniformed and one plain-clothes man to each shift, with one lieutenant always on duty, in command.

"We apportion these shifts as follows: four men on fixed posts, two on the bridge, which is the principal entrance to the city, and one at the railroad station. One man is kept at the police station and two officers handle traffic at the intersection of the main thoroughfares. The town is divided into sixteen patrol posts. On Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, every man works an extra four hour shift.

"This main force is supplemented by two special organizations—the Parking officers, 35 men, whose sole responsibility is the parking of the 30,000 motor vehicles which pile into the resort on week-ends and in lesser numbers on week days—and the Municipal Life Guards, forty-five of them, under Chief James Healy, who have the power of arrest, and have complete jurisdiction over the bathers.

"Most of the offenses are petty ones, consisting chiefly of beach and traffic violations. Serious crimes are few and far between. I can only recall one murder. That was five years ago when a physician killed his wife with a hammer.

"There are only two ways a person can get into Long Beach, via the bridge or by train. Men of the identification bureau watch both of these methods of egress for known criminals and obvious undesirables. They also keep an eye open for pickpockets and see that the crowds keep moving.

"With the most dangerous types thus eliminated, the task of keeping the others within bounds, is made fairly easy. The system for doing this is simple. Make it hard for the individual to break the laws—and not too hard for him, if he does.

"Let's see, first, what we are confronted with.

"There's traffic, stolen cars, lost children, indecency and accidents. Almost every situation can be classified under one of these heads. We'll take each one of these problems separately.

"Take traffic, for a starter. The speed limit within the city is 15 miles per hour, 25 miles an hour, outside. Congestion is so great most of the time that excessive speeds are impossible. In other words, the traffic is practically self regulating, except at the crossings.

"There we have officers stationed—who speed up traffic and protect pedestrians.

"Parking is really no problem at all. The 35 men assigned to that task have only to see to it that no cars are stolen and that no motorists allow their cars to stand on Park street, the only restricted

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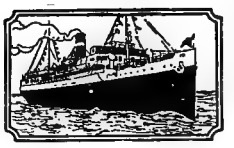

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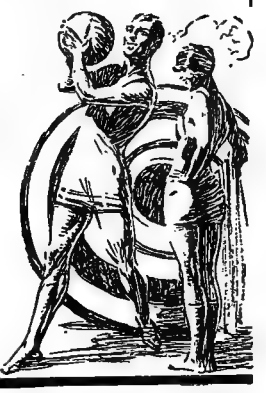

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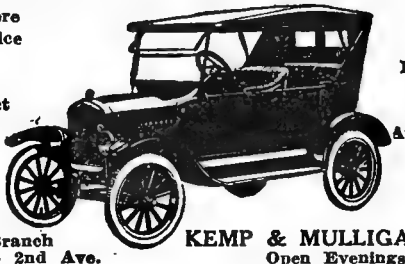

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highway, for more than an hour. Notices of this limitation are conspicuously displayed all along the thoroughfare. Elsewhere there is no time limit.

"Roller chairs on the board walk are made to travel in four streams—slow traffic in opposite directions on the two outside lanes, and through traffic, bound for some particular point on the two inside lanes. Dalliers caught in the inside channels are quickly hustled over to the outside paths.

"As for indecency—there is little opportunity for that. Men and women using the bath-houses and bathing pavilions are segregated and observed by guards before they enter the water. Patrolmen keep a similar watch over those who come down to the beach in autos. This latter class must wear some outer garment—en route. So-called 'necking' is stopped, but 'polite petting' is permitted.

"In the interest of safety, children under the age of ten are not allowed on the beach, in suits, unless they are accompanied by parents or an older person.

"Accidents, of course, are unavoidable, but we work on the old theory that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. That is why we do not allow ball playing on the beach, and have life guards in catamarans off shore to 'shoo' in swimmers who are tempted to go out into the danger zone.

"As a proof of the efficiency of this system, we have a record of only four drownings in about eight years. Three of these persons were found beyond the zone of protection and in the water without suits.

"We also have a health officer, Dr. Reis, who regularly inspects the eating places, analyzes the drinking water and is available for any emergencies.

"All in all, I think you'll see that we really make it difficult for a man to get into trouble or suffer any harm, no matter what he may do or where he may go to do it."

The situation at Coney Island is still more complex than it is at Long Beach, and must be handled somewhat differently, for that reason. Here there are 45 miles of streets and three separate beaches —all under the care of one force—260 men, divided into twelve patrol squads.

Two squads are on duty from 4 A. M. till noon; four squads from noon until 8 P. M.; and five squads from 8 P. M. till 4 A. M., with one squad swinging.

There are two traffic platoons, with 31 men to each. One platoon goes on at 11 A. M. and retires in favor of the other at 7 P. M. This second shift works through until 3 A. M. There are no motorcycle patrolmen, because, as a rule, traffic is so heavy that they can't operate effectively.

Patrolmen cover 13 fixed posts, seven on the board walk, and six on the beach and under the board walk.

Life guards are supplied from the Borough President's office—except at the private beaches, where special officers, hired by the establishments, maintain order.

"Considering the number of persons who come here on Saturdays and Sundays, there is little trouble. Every one is very well-behaved.

"Lost children cause us more concern than anything else, with unlicensed peddlers a close second, ball-playing, littering up the beach, acrobatics and rowdyism, follow in about that order.

"How about intoxication?" we queried, recalling the number of dead soldiers I had seen along the beach.

"Very little of that. Not half a hundred a year, I guess." He summoned the desk-sergeant to verify the figures. "Just fifty-six last year, Sir," was the officer's report.

"And indecency?" we asked.

"Too few cases to consider," was the rejoinder, the very presence of a large crowd mitigates against it.

"We do have occasional assaults, petty thefts, pickpockets, and sneak thieves, who break into lockers. Most of our arrests, however, are of people who endanger the lives of others such as pushing on elevated platforms and climbing through car-windows."

"We have to meet constantly changing conditions. For example, did you ever think of what a sudden shower means at a place like Coney? With the first drop thousands of people run for cover. They'd run all over themselves if we weren't prepared for the emergency. At the first downpour the men proceed to certain posts, previously mapped out, where the crowds are most apt to congregate. Milling, pushing, and crowding is checked before it begins."

"On crowded Saturdays and Sundays, we pick up as high as two and three hundred lost children. Sometimes over that. And I'm inclined to suspect a few of the mothers, of not looking very hard for them either. It is not at all unusual for us to pick up a child in the middle of the forenoon, and then not see a sign of the mother coming to claim it until late in the evening. It's complimentary that they have so much confidence in us, but after all this is a police station, not a nursery," the chief added with a somewhat wry smile.

"There's no end to the crack wits who come down here. They're just plain nuisances—but absolutely harmless. Usually they want to go into the water with their clothes on, and things like that. Only the other day a colored fellow came right into the station house and asked to be permitted to demonstrate his anti-suicide serum. Before he took it he said he had attempted suicide 19 times. The serum, so he claimed, isolated the suicide germ.

"Our average of arrests, day in and day out, I believe is less per thousand population than any other community in the country.

"And it's simply because we make allowances for the mood and spirit of the people who come

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here. We realize that they are down here for a good time, and are not bent on mischief. That's why we try to keep them out of jail, instead of putting them in."

And a survey of the country's leading beach resorts, shows that this is becoming the practice everywhere.

The spooners are made conspicuous, the rowdies frightened, the over-boisterous suppressed, the thoughtless "given something to think about," the foolhardy saved and the innocent protected. Seldom is anyone arrested.

That is the real story of the beaches.

Where everybody is intent on laughing, the police have found that it is the best policy for them to wink—except at serious violations of the law.

The code of the beach cannot be that of the tenderloin. The careless and carefree the police must guide and protect—the vicious must be opposed by force.

That is why your policeman of the seashore must be tactful, be an arbiter and a guide, a bit of a shepherd—a bit of a doctor, seldom a law enforcer.

He must be able to differentiate between flirting and what the California laws designate as "aggressive love-making." He must detect rowdyism in the midst of raucousness; draw the line between freedom of dress and indecency, allow "chance-taking" but stop gambling.

In a dozen different ways, a hundred times a day, he must play the role of Solomon. Briefly he must see that everybody has a good time, but that nobody is hurt.

He must temper the laws of the community with the laws of human nature.

Finally—though he may have many regulations written down in black and white—he has only one code in his mind—"Keep them out of jail, instead of putting them in."

The Pink Spot

(*Continued from page* 34)

the earth. Leaving them here unprotected makes me nervous," he told his host frankly.

The doctor was thoughtful. Presently he said: "I didn't mention it to the others, Mr. Blair, but I will tell you, I have already been approached by the agents of a world-wide fanatical movement who offered untold wealth for the secret if I succeeded in finding it. You can imagine the power of an unprincipled organization through controlling this discovery," the doctor smiled grimly.

"Just what I was thinking of," replied Monte. "Those people will stop at *nothing!* That's what makes me nervous."

"Do not fear," Werton counseled. "Great precautions are taken. But one copy of the formula exists and I alone know where that is. Did you get your souvenir of this great night, Mr. Blair? I

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gave to each of the physicians a cyanide tablet from the vial. I'm sure you'd like one also, and you are welcome." The doctor handed Monte the tiny poison pellet and then escorted him gravely to the door.

* * *

Three hours later, Monte, white of face and taut as a bow-string, laid a masterpiece on his former city editor's desk. Jim snatched up the typewritten sheets and slid far down in his chair to absorb what he knew would be one of the most thrilling stories of the year—perhaps of all time. It started out well, but two paragraphs down a frown appeared on the editor's brow. Another paragraph and he straightened up in his chair. By the time the second page was reached his face had set grimly and his teeth were clamped savagely on the stem of his old briar pipe. He finished the reading and without a word looked across the desk into the cold, determined eyes of Blair. While they sat thus, staring at each other, the phone rang. It seemed to break the tension.

"Edson speaking," Jim snapped into the instrument.

"What!" he shouted, and his lips seemed to freeze into a straight line. Monte hung over his shoulder.

"A dictaphone, eh?" came from Jim's set lips.

"Did you let them in?" followed a lengthy statement from the other end.

"Well, don't—if you value your life!" warned the editor. "And the best thing you can do is to get a couple of policemen out there to look after things tonight! There's too much at stake to take foolish risks!"

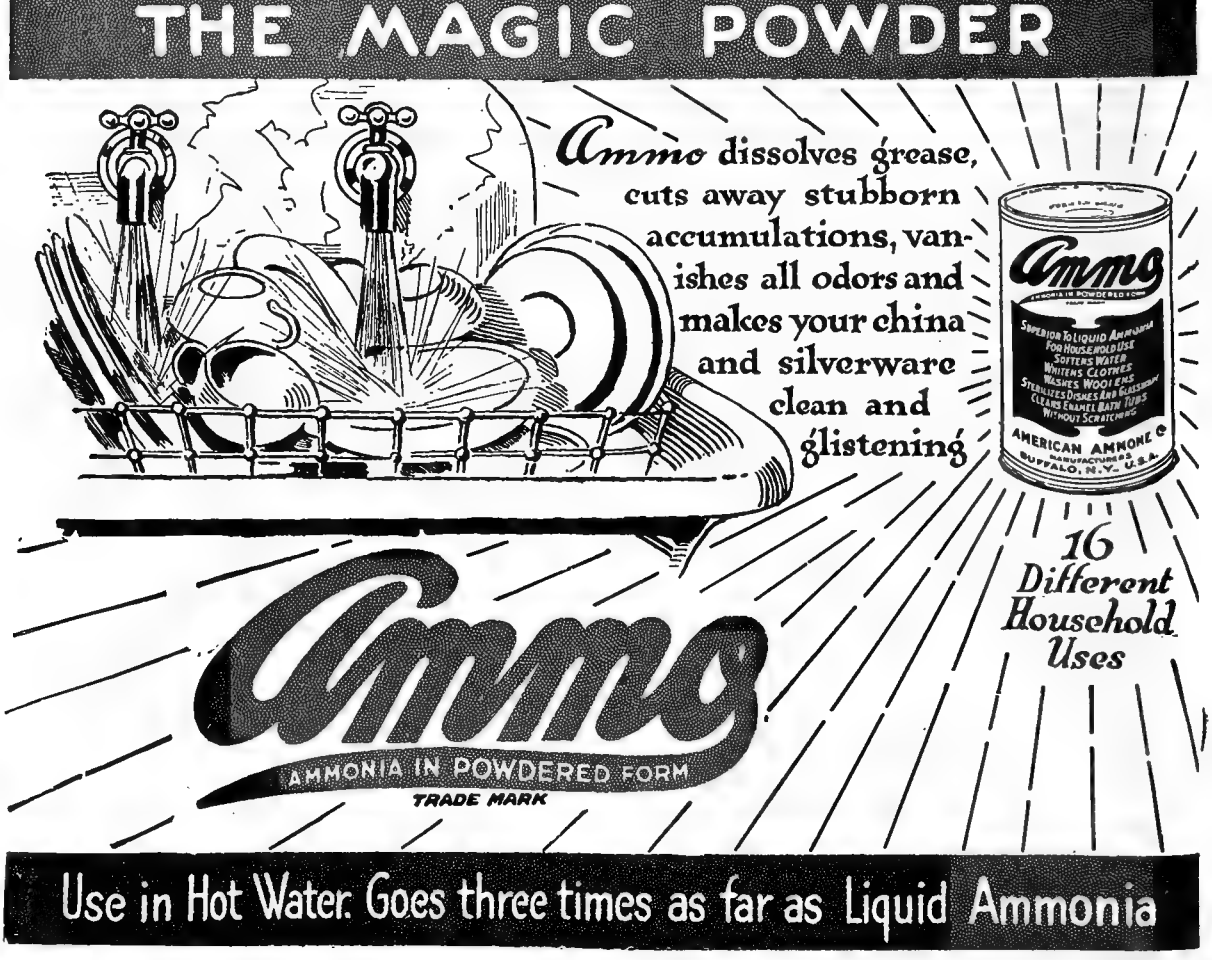
Came another long statement from the other end of the wire and then with a short "Good-bye" Jim hung up. With an odd smile he looked up at Blair.

"That was the doctor, Monte. He says those people who are attempting to gain control of his discovery had in some way placed a dictaphone in his laboratory and that they heard every word said at that demonstration tonight. He says they were just there trying to induce him to see them. Now what?"

Two or three little lines had appeared between Monte's eyes and the line of his mouth was a bit straighter.

"Can't you see it, Jim? It means that *tonight* is the night! We may be too late in spite of the fact that I sent two patrolmen out there to watch things. Hold that story and give me the best car the paper's got. There's not time to return to headquarters. It's one o'clock now. I'm going back out to the doctor's. You'll hear from me again before press-time, maybe."

"Here," shouted Jim, tossing a bunch of keys to Monte, "take my car, it'll get you there—you know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where it is." The door slammed and Blair was gone. Jim dropped back into his chair, forcing him, self to remember that he had a paper to get out before morning.

At this hour of the night traffic was light and Monte made good time. One-thirty, and he again stood in the vicinity of Dr. Werton's great gloomy house; this time at the back of it. Presently a measured tread approached and the light from a distant arc lamp flickered upon the silver shield of a police officer. Monte called softly.

The officer came up.

"Anybody got in?" asked Blair.

"Nope. Everything quiet inside now," answered the man.

"Good. Who is inside?"

"Callahan," replied the officer.

"Fine; I'm going in now."

"All right, it's easy. Terry found that left window there unlocked when he went in!"

"Uh-huh," grunted Blair, as he surveyed the terrain with his quick eyes. "Be ready if I call."

"We'll be ready, lad. Watch your step though, they're probably a bad bunch."

Carefully Monte approached the window. He found it unlocked as the officer had said and a moment later the sash slid noiselessly upward as Monte slipped through into the little room which he knew lay between Nina's chamber and the hall. The small room was probably at one time a butler's pantry, but now Nina used it as a sort of den. Monte stood listening intently, but evidently he had not been heard. Presently the echo of footsteps reached him from the upper floor. Then a clock somewhere in the depths of the house struck two and from the blackness of the back garden floated faintly, in a few bars of "Annie Laurie." It was a signal from someone without to someone within.

"They're off!" whispered Monte to himself, and flashing his electric torch about the room located the door which must lead to Nina's room. Softly he crept to it and gently tapped. No answer. He tapped again with fear rising in his heart that he was too late. But this time the low sweet voice asked:

"Who is there?" and Monte heard her light snap on. For answer he slipped a note under the door and tapped again on the floor. The scheme worked. He heard her slippered feet cross the room and in a moment she pulled the note from his fingers.

There came the crinkle of paper as she opened it. Then a pause and a gasp as she read. A moment more and she whispered through the keyhole:

"Wait till I get a dressing gown on, please." Two minutes and the door opened softly. Monte slid through.

The night wore on. The half hour struck. Then

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three. Not a sound echoed through the silent house. Far away jangled the discordant clang of a street car gong, and from some distant ghostly steeple came, as the hours dragged by, the measured strokes of a mellow bell.

Monte was becoming nervous, and the tired girl who set beside him on the low window seat had with a confidence flattering to the force in general, but most disconcerting to this one member in particular, gone to sleep with her head on his shoulder. Just as the tiny pin-points of light on the face of his watch showed three-thirty Monte's ears caught a breath of sound at the door. Then the faintest scrape of a key in the lock. Suddenly a wave of air struck him in the face and he knew the door was swinging open. He thanked the gods that Nina was asleep.

With the first sound Blair had eased the girl back into a corner and now he was crouched, poised, ready for action A beam of light shot out, low down, aimed at the floor. It whisked about here and there until it located a bed post. Travelling up this, it played about the coverlet, revealing what was apparently a human form covered from head to foot. The light whipped back to the floor and illuminated a man's feet, shod in tennis slippers.

Guided by the light, the feet began a stealthy approach to the bedside. Arriving there, a moment's inspection of the quilt-covered form was made, then a long shadow rose suddenly high in the air. At its top something gleamed wickedly in the faint illumination. Then more swiftly than it rose the shadow descended, and a smothered thud punctuating the tense stillness as the gleaming streak buried itself in the hidden form.

At the same instant another beam of light shot out and another long shadow rose up and descended. But there was no leaping gleam at the end of the second shadow; only a slender black strap with eight ounces of lead hitched to it. When it struck, the man who was bending over the bed slumped to his knees and without a sound slid to the floor.

Monte looked to see that his victim was really knocked out, then quickly closed the door. Dragging the fallen man away from the bed, Blair produced two pairs of handcuffs, one set of which he used to fasten the man's hands and the other to bind his feet.

"There!" muttered the detective, "I guess you'll stay put." Then he slipped a gag in the senseless man's mouth and carried him silently out into the little ante room. Coming back, he drew the long knife out of the rug which had been rolled up and placed in the bed, removed the rug and straightened the bed, then aroused the girl.

"Everything's all right now," explained Monte. "The fellow has been captured and you are perfectly safe. I hate to leave you here alone," he said as he felt her hand tremble on his arm, "but don't be afraid. I won't be gone twenty minutes and then I'll come back and take you away from here. You might use the twenty minutes in dressing," he suggested, "but don't make any noise."

"All right," she promised, but clung to him a moment assembling her strength. The moment was as sweet as it was unexpected to Monte, but he slipped her hands from his shoulders and crept softly from the room. There was yet more work to be done, the real work in fact.

"Where will I find him?" Blair asked himself as he reached the hall. "Most likely in his study or his bedroom. I'll try the study first."

Creeping along the hall, he found the door to the doctor's study open. As he stepped through it he was greeted by a hoarse, half-strangled whisper:

"Is it done?"

"Yes," Monte whispered back.

"Good!" gurgled the voice. "Now put a gag in my mouth, cut my head open so the blood runs, tip over a few chairs and then get out. I'm tied up safe enough, the devil himself couldn't get out of this chair."

Monte took a handkerchief from his pocket and stepping over to where the voice came from, deftly tied the gag in place. A moment more and he had found the light-switch and snapped it on. His voice reminded Monte of a file on hard steel.

"Glad to know that you're tied up safely, doctor. You're a big man and the fact that you're so nicely roped probably saves me the trouble of beaning you with this blackjack, in the use of which instrument your partner will doubtless tell you I am very proficient! That worthy is going to suffer terribly from headache for the next couple of days and the pair of you are due for a severe attack of cell imprisonment instead of cell poisoning! I'm going now—to call the boys who are outside and we'll look for Terry Callahan. If we find him dead—well, your cell trouble will be shorter in duration but infinitely more lasting in effect!"

The doctor glared at him, first in amazement, then in the unspeakable fury of a madman. He bit at the gag and strained at his bonds in almost superhuman efforts but to no avail. Monte watched him a moment in silence. When he did speak the sarcasm in his voice stung.

"I say, Doc., did you ever take a shot of that life preserver of yours and then chase it down with about twenty-two hundred volts of essence of dynamo? It'll be interesting to see how it works! Maybe you're so full of 'Werton's Wonderful Death Defier' that hitching the juice onto you will make it back track and blow up the dynamo! But seriously, now, I'd suggest that you calm down a bit and begin a series of meditations on that ancient saying, 'The way of the transgressor is hard'."

Blair stepped to the window and whistled. In less than a minute four officers appeared in the room.

"There's one of 'em," said Monte, pointing to the sullen doctor. "The other is just inside that open

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door at the rear of the hall. Come on, Murphy, let's find Terry."

They found him unconscious on the floor of the laboratory.

"Hypodermic needle," said Murphy after a brief examination. "Powerful stuff too."

* * * * *

Seated in the city editor's private den several days later, were three men: the grinning Edson, the rather crestfallen Dr. Pyker, and the exuberant Monte Blair.

"Blair," the doctor was saying, "would you mind telling me what excited your suspicions?"

"Not at all," replied Monte. "Do you remember when I poured some of those tablets out in my hand just before old Werton fed one to Miss Nina? Well, I noticed that most of them were perfectly plain while the others, up in one corner, had a wee, tiny pink spot. It was so small that you'd hardly notice it, but—well, you know now that I am one whose business it is to question everything, so when I handed the vial back, I palmed two of the tablets—one with a pink spot on it, and the other a plain one. From the doctor's demonstration I went to a chemist friend of mine, routed him out of bed, and made him analyze those two tablets. The plain one was cyanide sure enough. The other was—epsom salt!

"Well of course I knew then that the doctor was pulling a gigantic fake. For a few minutes I thought his game was to sell a worthless formula to those agents. But when I talked with the girl, I got another idea. That girl is heiress to a million dollars! Very few people knew that her father was worth that, but our friend Werton knew it, and he knew the terms of the will too. It seems that John Merton knowing that the chance of his daughter ever reaching maturity was slight, fixed things so that her uncle would make a real effort to save her. If she died before reaching the age of twenty-one, the whole fortune was to go to a charitable institution. But if she lived to that age, then she was to inherit the fortune and the doctor was to get one hundred thousand dollars for his care. The rest of it is clear isn't it? Dr. Werton is the only known relative, and if she died after coming of age and left no will . . ." The other two men shivered slightly. The inference was plain enough.

"Of course," Blair went on, "I didn't know all this, that night. I merely suspected that he had designs on her life for some reason. But when he called Jim that night, and told that yarn about the mysterious and unscrupulous agents, I knew the stunt was coming off right away, so I hustled back out there. You know the rest of that. I figured that he planned to make it appear that the girl had been murdered in the course of a robbery by the agents. The details about the will I got from San Francisco next day by wire."

"But how did he get those doctored tablets from DeMuth? That's what I'd like to know," pressed the doctor.

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"Easy," answered Monte. "He had an accomplice working in the shipping room there just for that purpose. He stole the bottle of genuine tablets from a shipment, consigned elsewhere, opened it and put in the marked tablets. Then he stole the seals and got it ready to ship. When Dr. Werton's order came through the packages were switched, that's all. I got that from the fellow himself. He was the one who came to do the killing."

"It seems a cumbersome scheme," commented Jim.

"It was," replied Monte. "It is the insanity of murder. You find it in all such crimes. He thought he was playing deep, so deep that his tracks would never be discovered; but he made one fatal mistake."

"And that?" queried Dr. Pyker.

"He should never have let go of that vial once it was opened."

"That wasn't his biggest blunder," chuckled Jim. He sealed his doom when he failed to inform himself that our erstwhile scribe had blossomed forth into a Sherlock Holmes.

"Blah!" grunted Monte. "I work for real results now."

"The whole affair is most amazing, declared Pyker. "The man's reputation fooled me completely. His stunt was so spectacular that he had me going."

He presented it as dramatically as he could," said Monte, "to enhance the value of his alleged discovery so as to make it conceivable that the mythical agents would not scruple to commit murder in order to effect their robbery."

"He had us all going for a while," explained Monte, but that tiny pink spot betrayed him."

"Yes," grinned the doctor," and I guess there were a couple of other pink spots that had you going, weren't there?"

"Maybe there were," retorted Monte, "but they aren't worrying me any now. Poor girl, this has been hard on her. However, she's content to let the greatest little defender of all time look after her, from now on. Say! I never saw such hair, such eyes, such cheeks——"

"Oh Lord, deliver us!" groaned Jim.

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The Man on the Crossing

(*Continued from page* 45)

officer directed traffic entirely with his hands. He was considered more or less as the town handy man. In the winter when the snow was several feet deep he often borrowed a shovel from a near-by store and dug out the crossings so people could get around because the city could not afford to clean the streets and the traction companies cleaned only their tracks. Besides that he had to be an expert with horses. If he wasn't he soon became proficient in that line.

"Everyone knows that horses will sometimes balk, especially if they are overloaded. They balked most often when the traffic seemed thickest and if their driver failed to move them, it was up to the traffic officer to get them going again. When shouting and whipping failed to make a team budge even the slightest, the apparently impossible was sometimes accomplished by the traffic officer who merely stepped up to the balky horses, stroked them gently, patted their heads, and lifted their collars once or twice, after which they gratefully moved forward again.

"Magic? Not at all. The officer simply pulled the skin and mane from under the horses collars so that it hung naturally. The teamster did not know that the harness was at fault, causing the horses to pull on their jugular veins and the skin of their necks, instead of back toward the shoulders where they should exert their pull. A lot of teamsters wouldn't know what was wrong until informed by the officer who would tell them how to have the harness fixed.

"When runaways occurred, as they did quite frequently, it was up to the traffic officer to stop them before they wrought havoc in the crowded streets. I remember one winter's day when the downtown streets were thickly carpeted with snow. There were many cutters and bob sleds about. I was standing on a corner that was comparatively free for the moment when I suddenly noticed five cabmen staring at me opened mouthed, too terrified to speak. I looked around in time to see a runaway on a cutter bearing down on me. The snow-covered street made the horse's hoofs almost noiseless. I stepped aside just as the horse and helpless driver raced by. Then the horse slipped and crashed to the street a few feet beyond. I had him by the head, before he could move again.

"Very often horses got their shoes hopelessly caught in the wide cable slot, that ran between the car-tracks. This was especially true in the places where two rival traction companies had their tracks within six inches of each other. Where these slots crossed there was an extra wide opening. When the horses caught their shoes in these the cars immediately began to pile up behind them and block the traffic.

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"The wrecking wagon would, if summoned, come clanging down the street at a great pace but it was usually quicker for the officer to try and get them out of their predicament. This he did by borrowing tools from the first cable car, getting down on his hands and knees under the horse's feet, and cutting off the shoe that was caught while the passengers and car crews looked on. It was an unpleasant job and the officer, kneeling under the horse's hoofs, often got severely kicked for his trouble, but he usually accomplished his purpose. The traffic moved again.

"For the benefit of those who do not remember cable cars I will mention that a moving cable ran under the center of the tracks. When the motorman threw a lever; the cable would be grasped and the car thus pulled along. It sometimes happened that if a car grasped the cable where it was spliced, the grasping mechanism would stick and not release again. In this case the car could not be stopped but would travel on continuously.

"One day I heard a lot of shouting and a clatter of clanging bells. I looked around and saw several trains of cars crowding each other around a corner. I knew immediately what was wrong. The rear pair of cars had 'frozen' to the cable and were pushing the other cars up the street ahead of it. There was nothing I could do to stop them so I turned and ran up the track ahead of them, shouting to everyone to clear the track and knocking my club on vehicles to emphasize my remarks. Behind me followed the string of cable cars going on a rampage through Chicago's busy 'Loop.'

"I ran block after block, trying to keep ahead of the cars and clear the tracks. Finally I could run no further. The cars were still coming behind me and had picked up several others along the way. But by this time I had led the cavalcade up to the mouth of the tunnel which led under the Chicago river. Almost exhausted I ran off the track just as the string of cars filled with people dived down the tunnel's mouth. From within I heard an exultant shout and I knew that the incline had caused the 'bulldog' to finally let go.

"People have always asked a tremendous lot of questions, and this habit has not decreased with the coming of the automobile. I have answered so many queries that I can tell whether or not a person comes from a different city merely by the way the question is asked. I believe people ask for the location of the railroad stations most frequently. Next in popularity come the parks and the locations of the various stores, from the largest establishments down to the most insignificant shop with which some people expect the officers to be intimately acquainted. They also ask where they can buy railroad, theatre, and sporting tickets and hundreds of people ask us for the time of day, even if there happens to be a big clock right on the corner."

"Do you always tell them the time?"

"Sure we do," the Captain smiled, "we always make a very good guess." He laughed as he shifted in his chair. "The women are the most frequent questioners. They want to know the when, where, how and why, of everything from quill toothpicks to grand pianos, and they persist until they get an answer."

"Some of them expect the man on the crossing to serve as an oracle or information clerk as well as a traffic officer. It is not an uncommon thing, especially during the holidays or when there are big sales, for a woman to step up to an officer and ask him where she can get the best bargain in the thing she wants to buy, or ask him about one of the ads in the morning paper. Other women expect the officer to be their luncheon guide and direct them to the 'nicest,' 'cutest,' or 'best' place to eat. If the officer makes a suggestion, they often want to know if that restaurant serves a certain fancy dish, whether the food is good, and what the prices are. I shouldn't be surprised if one of these people asked the officer for lunch money some day. But we don't mind at all. It's a lot of fun for us."

"Does the weather affect the ladies' dispositions?" I suggested.

"The weather makes no difference whatever to the woman shopper. She seems to be just as happy hunting bargains in a blinding blizzard as on a warm summer's day, or in a drenching rain as on a sunny afternoon. In bad weather the men are more reserved. They seem to be discomfited in body and mind more than the women. At all times they ask fewer questions, perhaps because they are down town more and are thus better acquainted. With their minds on their business most of the time they say little, but when you strike a man that asks a silly question he exceeds the women and more than makes up for his fellows who say nothing."

"For instance, even today, officers are occasionally stopped in their work by some shy stranger holding a piece of paper in his hand with the name and address of one of Chicago's big buildings on it. The man timidly asks the officer to direct him to that building. The officer, suspecting something amiss from the stranger's manner and appearance, may ask why the man is going there, and the stranger will perhaps hesitatingly divulge the fact that 'some one,' or a 'certain big man who doesn't want his name mentioned,' or 'a big syndicate,' has offered to sell the stranger 'at a wonderful bargain,' a 'half interest' in the building in question or even the building itself for anywhere from $50,000 to $500,000 and the stranger 'wants to look it over first.' Whenever possible the officer tips the questioner off, but a lot of people refuse to see the light until they fall."

"Other men will step up to an officer and ask where they can find such and such a room in a certain building, often one that is obscure or very old. If the man or circumstances look suspicious the

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officer will ask what the attraction is and the reply will often come that there is a big crap game, or some other form of gambling up there. The man, appreciating the officer's help, might even invite the officer to come along. The officer declines with thanks, and when the stranger has gone his way, calls up the detective bureau and a little later watches the patrol wagon go back to the station filled with a surprised load of prisoners.

"When I was on a crossing one day on a street where the elevated trains continually run overhead, a thin young man, very nervous, and with the faint beginnings of a mustache under his nose, stepped up to me and shouted so as to be heard above the noise of the trains continually passing overhead, 'Can you tell me how often the elevated leaves?'

"Well, now, young man," I said, trying to be serious, 'that's a very difficult question but if you go over to the city hall and ask one of the judges, I think perhaps he can tell you.' I pointed in the direction of the city hall and the young man, very solemnly went that way. Perhaps he is yet waiting to see the judge."

The Captain was still chuckling when I left. After bidding him good day I resolved that the next time a traffic officer finds it necessary to give me directions I'm going to take them gladly, remembering what a big, nerve-wracking job he has. Not only that, but I'm going to think twice before I ask him any questions that may sound as foolish as some of those catalogued above or some time I may also find myself "waiting to see the Judge."

A Friend of the Family

(*Continued from page* 23)

tenement stair and caught me by the arm.

"Come up," she cried, choking with worry. "Come up and help us save Mamie."

"What's happened to her?" I wanted to know, because you can't always tear right into a man's home, offhand.

"It's her and her father," she said. "There's goin' to be terrible trouble if he whips her."

"Go along up and I'll be there in a couple of minutes," I told her, and went down to the corner and reported back to the house, telling the lieutenant what I was up to. When I got up stairs there was the girl, about eighteen years old, and blazing mad, rowing with her father about whether she'd go out with a lad she traveled with or would not. I knew the boy, and unless he was pulled up and headed straight he'd wind up in somebody's jail.

The girl swore that by all that was holy she'd leave home and never come back if he touched her, and the father swore he'd thrash her if she didn't promise to stay home and drop the lad. It took me nearly an hour to make that wrong-

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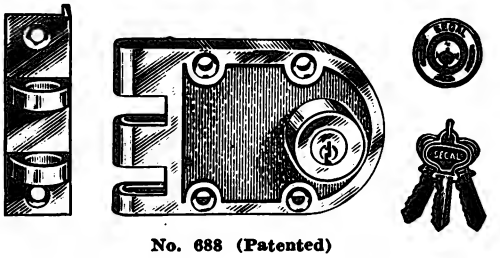

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headed man—a plasterer he was, by the way—see that he couldn't drive a girl of that age, and about as long to get *her* to see that she owed something in the way of respect for her parent's opinions. Then it turned out that she resented the things they'd said about the boy, that she wouldn't believe.

The end of the argument didn't come for three days. It ended the way you'd never think. I got hold of the lad and put the story up to him. He was running with a bad gang, and it would only be a question of time till somebody's hand was on his shoulder. The end of that talk was that he went with me to see the family. I had taken off my uniform and left it in the station house. Just a friend of the family now, you see. Well, we talked it all out. The boy admitted he was in wrong, and I put it to him to answer whether he thought more of his gang or his girl, and he acknowledged that it was the girl that counted. Then I put up to him his responsibilities as a family man, and he saw that, and we finally got it fixed that he was to go into the plastering trade and be engaged to the girl for a year, and if he could make good by then they could get married. The father and the boy shook hands on it, and the family made up with each other and it worked out all right.

And then there was a different case—the toughest I ever knew. There was a girl I knew when I first went on the force. She had turned wrong, and the result was that her mother got run down with a cab and killed, while she was out looking for the girl, and the father drank himself to death. Well, that girl hit the pace for three years. I used to see her, and she'd listen, but tell me she'd lost her chance. And then I heard she'd straightened up and got married. One night in the middle of a snow-storm a woman caught me by the coat. It was that one. I've seen trouble in a woman's face many times, but never more than this one held. This was fifteen years after I'd lost track of her.

"For God's sake help me," she whispered. And I went with her. Now beat this, if you can!

She had a daughter, just turned sixteen, and this pin-headed kid had got it into her head that she was going to cut loose and "live her own life" she called it. That meant just what her mother had done. Some rotter had got her head twisted and she was stubborn set.

"Can't you tell her?" her mother asked me. "I don't know what to do!"

Talk about chickens coming home to roost, eh?

Well, I told her all right. I sent the mother out of the room and I told that wrong and twisted kid a story. It was her mother's story, but I never mentioned names, and at the end she weakened. I left them crying in each other's arms, and then three weeks after that, this girl came up to me on the street and told me she knew. Her mother had confessed it. I've always liked that girl, because she just naturally understood, and it never weakened her love for her mother a little bit. Increased it, I should say.

And I learned something from that. Maybe it isn't just the way society's organized, or in line with what the preachers say, but I've seen so many comebacks staged by people that never should have had another chance, according to the rules, that I've come to believe that after all it doesn't make much difference what kind of hell and furnace folks have been through, so long as they're *through*. From what I can gather the Best Man that ever lived, played his game that way. It was the sinners and the down-and-outers that he picked up and started ticking right again. And I never heard that he insisted that jeering and gossip and the I-knew-him-when, was needed to work out a repentance.

When I think back over some of the family griefs I've helped settle, I wonder how we all get along as well as we do. Imagine putting up to a plain ordinary brass-bound policeman the job of deciding for a man whether he ought to quit his wife, or for a wife whether she ought to take her kids and leave!

And then the conditions that city people—I'm talking about the ordinary folks now, the kind the policeman is working with—have to live under,

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makes me wonder how any decent kids ever do get brought up to make decent men and women. I came from a small town where every family had a house to itself and lots of room, and things were privately decent, but look at the big cities where everybody lives in every other family's lap, and the children and the women live in the very middle of all the wrong things, and the chance for that family being the center of good influence, and the breeding spot for love and a finer citizenship seems to me so slim I wonder how it ever happens at all.

The responsibility of the policeman for helping to make good citizens is so big it makes me a mighty sober man every time I walk down the street in my uniform. And I'm not alone in thinking that, for a keen-eyed Salvation Army captain said to me one day:

"The Bible's a great book, and the churches help a lot, but I'd sooner have ten good square, decent cops as a moral influence in my district to help keep the family going straight, than a packing case of Scripture that was used as parlor ornaments."

Policing Persia

(*Continued from page* 16)

are doing a patriotic service to their land."

It is a far cry from the jeweled and turbaned *Mujahdin* or "warriors of the holy war," those fanatical and mercenary troops who were the only safeguard of Persia in the old days, to the trim, smartly-uniformed policemen who guard with careful and thoughtful vigilance the ancient streets of Teheran and Ispahan. The *Mujahdin* were temperamental warriors who could never be trusted, and fought only on the side which paid them most. Sometimes they even interfered with the government itself, and were instrumental in starting many civil wars.

Persia has a peculiar glamour for thhe western mind. It is the Persia of Omar and the Rubiyat that we think of, the Persia of Lalla Rookh, of nightingales and rose-gardens, and marvellous prayer-rugs, and curiously illuminated manuscrips, and strange decorative works of art, that most of us picture when we think of Persia, and not a Persia of carefully-uniformed and well-disciplined policemen.

Yet the modern Persian police are as well-disciplined guardians of the law as the policeman on Fifth avenue or Picadilly. They take a pride in their profession, and are constantly studying methods through which their force can be improved.

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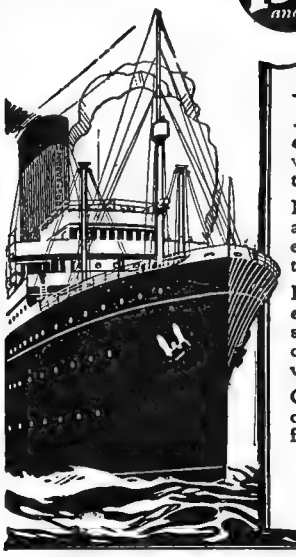

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Within the Law

(*Continued from page* 35)

the phone that I am wanted on an urgent matter. I'll break away from that bunch, and meet you outside the Audubon. We'll take a run up to Wander Inn, and spend the night."

Gertrude smiled and colored slightly. "Why don't you take me to Atlantic City or Asbury Park for a change? I get tired of those Hudson River places."

Travis laughed, "I'm a New Yorker and believe in spending my money in my own State, besides those Jersey resorts are too crowded to suit me."

"Well, let's take the night boat to Boston some time."

"No, I'm subject to seasickness. Are there any of the salesmen outside?"

"Only two, Rosen and Brown."

"Tell them to come in."

Gertrude pouted prettily, but silently left to obey.

Travis smiled at her retreating back. A number of girls had tried to induce him to take them across the State line, but taking girls across State lines was a criminal offence, and Travis had his fingers crossed.

At five minutes to one, Travis stepped into the lounge of the Merchants' Club, promptness in meeting appointments being one of his unfailing rules. He greeted Cyrus Morgan with a frank handshake, and looked squarely into the eyes of the two associates, whom Morgan had brought to meet him.

The four men took seats around a reserved table in an alcove of the dining room, and Travis immediately assumed the center of conversation. While the others listened silent and attentive he outlined his great plan for co-operative buying in large quantities, and co-operative selling to the public. It was a very logical plan that he set forth, a plan by which the wholesale merchant, the retail merchant (which would be his own corporation), and the consumer would all benefit; besides which the wholesale merchants and the consumers would share in the profits of the retail corporation, because they must of necessity become stockholders.

A million dollars was required to put the plan into operation. He had divided this million into two parts; two hundred and fifty thousand to be subscribed by ten wholesale merchants, twenty-five thousand each; seven hundred and fifty thousand to be sold to the public, who would be the consumers. This would start the movement in five cities. As each city became established and the benefits of the plan became known, the movement would be spread until it became national and international in its scope. All the purchasing would be done from the wholesale merchants who subscribed to the stock of the Consumer's Co-operative Corporation, which would be known as the C-C-C Plan, a trade-mark which would stand for justice and equality to all.

The three men who listened to Travis' easy and convincing flow of language were wholesale merchants, and each was mentally calculating the amount of increased business he could do during ensuing years by subscribing to this stock. But the figures were baffling, the amounts ran into millions, and made the twenty-five thousand dollar investment look like a nickel in a slot machine. Without hesitation they each agreed to subscribe, and further suggested they hold a meeting with seven other wholesale men, whom they felt sure would want to come in.

Travis accepted their mark of confidence in him and his plan graciously, but without undue enthusiasm. He was a leader of a great enterprise, and as such must submit to no patronage; he was giving them an opportunity, and their subscriptions were no favors conferred on him.

A lengthy discussion of details, which lasted until three o'clock, followed. The merchants were wildly enthusiastic, but Travis maintained a calm poise, and finally brought the meeting to a close in order to be on hand promptly to address the Women's Guild.

Before the women his air was gracious and debonair. He discoursed freely on household problems, and outlined his plan to them, showing them how their house-keeping money would double in purchasing value. Following his address the Guild passed a resolution of confidence in the C-C-C Plan, and gave Travis a vote of thanks for bringing the matter before them. When the meeting was formally adjourned the women crowded around him, asking for shares of stock. Some produced check books, while others offered cash; but Travis waved them back. He had not come prepared to sell stock, and he much preferred to have them think the matter over and confer with their husbands. Tomorrow he would be in his office, and would be glad to transact sales for them there.

Travis was a student of psychology and knew that his suggestion, that they consult their husbands, would have the effect of making most of them determine there and then to invest; that if any of them did consult their husbands it would be only to demand money for investment from them.

The Reverend Doctor Harrow greeted Travis effusively. Was he not a powerful pillar in the doctor's church, who had contributed generously both in time and money to its work? The dinner, at which Travis was the only one present beside the Rector's family, was a pleasant affair. Travis kept the conversation lively with anecdotes of travel and interesting people. Gradually the talk reached the great C-C-C Plan, which was the out-

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come of years of study and work by Travis. His disclosures were confidential. His great fear was an overbearing fight from the monied interests, who would be hard hit when the plan was put in operation. Now that everything was ready he must work quickly and get the plan established on a sound basis before the fight commenced.

The Rector assured him of his hearty co-operation, and promised him he would personally bring the matter before the Men's Guild at their next meeting.

Dinner over, the two men retired to the Rector's study, where the Church wardens awaited them. Here the C-C-C Plan was set aside, and Travis took a leading hand in discussing the Church affairs. Most of the business brought before the meeting was the requirement of funds for various purposes. As each need was stated Travis magnanimously offered a generous contribution to head the list of donators to the fund, until the wardens objected that it was not right for the Church to allow one man to carry so much of its burden. They branded him as a man of unusual generosity and largeness of purpose, and declared themselves blessed by having him among their number.

Suddenly the telephone rang, and the Rector took the call. "Mr. Travis, your maid wishes to speak to you on an important matter," he said, handing the telephone to Travis.

"Hello, yes, this is Mr. Travis—What! They are there now! Do all you can to make them comfortable, and tell them I will be home in a few minutes." He hung up the receiver.

"I am awfully sorry, gentlemen," Travis addressed the wardens, "but some business associates have arrived unexpectedly from Chicago, and as they sail for Europe early tomorrow morning it is imperative that I see them tonight. You will excuse me I am sure."

He made his escape after many protestations of appreciation from the wardens and the Rector; then hurried to meet Gertrude.

"I was damn glad to get away from that bunch of stiff-necked prudes," said Travis, as he steered his fast roadster through Yonkers, while Gertrude snuggled against his shoulder. "That's the trouble with this business, a fellow has to mix around and make himself pleasant to a lot of uninteresting people."

"Oh, well," she smiled up at him, "you can forget them now, and after we've had a couple of high-balls at Wander Inn—well, we'll just enjoy ourselves. I feel like dancing tonight."

"You're a little brick, Gertrude," he patted her cheek with his free hand. "I wish this deal were over, I need a rest."

The car sped on through the night till the strain of jazz could be heard toward the river bank; then Travis turned into a winding driveway, and came to a stop at the Inn door. Soon he had forgotten grasping wholesale merchants, silly women, and

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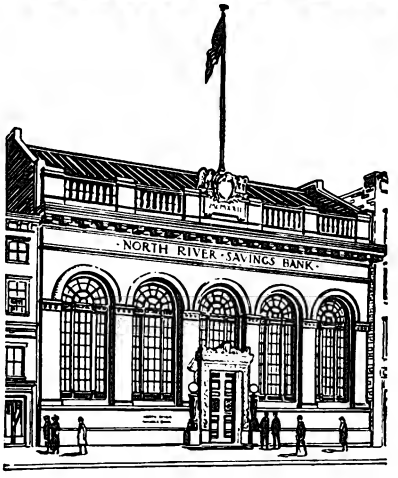

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fawning rectors, as, with a few high-balls tingling through his veins, and the lithe body of Gertrude snuggling against him, he danced with abandon to blaring saxophones.

"There'll be a bunch of Church hens, and maybe the Rector with them, at the office today," said Travis, as he parted with Gertrude the next morning at the corner of the street a few doors from her rooming house. "You needn't hurry to the office. They will not be likely to commence arriving till after ten."

Gertrude smiled and waved her hand as she walked away.

"Damned good little sport," thought Travis, as he watched her graceful figure swaying in the morning light. "Some night! Well, I won't forget her when I clean up on this deal."

Two hours later, fresh and innocently youthful, clad in a simple dress that covered her shapely shoulders and arms, and reached well below her knees, Gertrude entertained the Rector and the ladies of the Church while they waited for the great man to appear.

"Mr. Travis' maid told me on the telephone this morning that he was in conference nearly all night with business men from Chicago," she told them. "He works terribly hard, and sometimes I get real worried about him." She excused herself to answer the phone ringing in the inner office.

"What a pleasant young lady," commented the Rector.

"She's so refreshing, and innocent," said a lady, adjusting her lorgnette, "not at all like the jazz-maddened girls one meets so often these days."

Travis and his sweet girl secretary spent a busy morning exchanging checks and cash for Preferred and Common stock of the Consumer's Co-operative Corporation. In the midst of this busy session the telephone rang, and a tremulous girlish voice asked for Mr. Travis. Suspicion rose in the breast of Gertrude, and coldly she demanded to know the speaker's business with her employer.

"I am Margaret Babbitt," came the soft reply, "I'm telephoning for my mother. Today a letter came from Mr. Travis addressed to father—father died two days ago, and I wanted to tell Mr. Travis about it."

"Oh! How terrible! Just hold the line a moment, I'll put Mr. Travis on immediately."

Travis was shocked beyond words at the news of the death of Bertram Babbitt. As soon as he could get away from his office he would come and see Mrs. Babbitt, and do all that he could to help the family in their sorrow.

Late that afternoon Travis called at the Babbitt home. Mrs. Babbitt had never heard her husband mention him, but she was touched by his kindness in coming to see them. To his enquiry about the Church from which her husband was to be buried Mrs. Babbitt confided to Travis that they had not been affiliated with any Church in recent years.

"I am sure my friend, Doctor Harrow, will be glad to take care of the funeral for you," said Travis.

This pleased the grief-stricken widow, and she readily consented to let Travis make the arrangements. Hardly knowing how it happened, Mrs. Babbitt suddenly realized that Travis was managing everything for her, and she found herself depending constantly upon him for advice. Doctor Harrow had been loud in extolling the virtues of Travis, and because of Travis' friendship for the lamented Babbitt he had given him the best funeral the church could supply.

Mrs. Babbitt found herself well provided for. Beside a subtantial insurance policy her husband had left her nearly two hundred thousand dollars in good securities. This she confided to Travis, who kindly offered to arrange her finances in such a manner that she would never be bothered with them. Unfortunately most of the stock of the C-C-C Plan had been disposed of, but out of consideration of his friendship with her husband he would let her have a large block of his own stock.

The C-C-C Plan had now sprung into real being, the stock books were closed, and those who had hesitated to grasp the opportunity would now have to stand by and watch their more enterprising neighbors become wealthy. Sites for the first stores were selected, managers appointed, and large shipments of goods ordered. Everything was rosy, and just ahead was undreamed of wealth. Then came a telegram calling Travis to the bedside of his father in Seattle. It was very unfortunate that he should have to leave just at that time, but no doubt he would return in a few days or a couple of weeks at most. In the meantime everything was planned, and all they had to do was to follow directions.

Travis made a hasty call and bade good-bye to the Rector. That night he took Gertrude to Wander Inn for a farewell party and final instructions.

"Remember that all you know about me is that I have been called hurriedly to Seattle. Affairs will probably keep me in the West, and I shall send in my formal resignation as president of the C-C-C. You had better stay with the corporation for a month or two; after that, if you happen to be in Los Angeles, you can look me up at the Pine Needle Club, and I may have a post for you." He placed five one thousand dollar bills in her hand.

"Won't you take me with you?" she pleaded, clinging to him.

"No, it's best not. We must keep within the law, but if you should come West, I shall be glad to see you."

"I understand," said the girl, crunching the money in her hand, "I'll manage things this end, and when it's over you can expect me out there."

A month later the stockholders of the Consumer's Co-perative Corporation met in consternation at the summons of the secretary. The formal resignation of James Travis as president of the Corporation was read, and, perforce, accepted.

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The knowledge that he had unloaded his own stock aroused their suspicions, and they determined to take drastic action if any fraud had been perpetrated.

An expert accountant was called in to go over the books, but the books were in perfect order. The legal twenty per cent allowed for the sale of stock had been paid and receipted for by various salesmen, who could not be located. Another twenty-five per cent had been used for overhead expenses, each item of which was listed. The balance of the money was in the bank. There was nothing illegal anywhere in the transactions of James Travis; and so no work for the police.

The stockholders found themselves in possession of a little over half a million dollars in cash, a few minor obligations, a Plan which none of them thoroughly understood, and stock liabilities of two million dollars. They found there was nothing left for them to do but dissolve the corporation by mutual consent, and accept twenty-five cents on the dollar of their investment.

Gertrude stood loyally by the stockholders and helped them settle their affairs; then suffering a nervous breakdown from an over-strain of work, she accepted the bonus of five hundred dollars offered her, and took a trip to Los Angeles for her health.

* * * * * *

Jim Travis is one of the gentry that legitimate business has been fighting for years. In 1924 these scoundrels took over $600,000,000 from the American public, and stayed within the law. Under our present code there is nothing to stop them. The police are powerless to interfere. Swindling and obtaining money under false pretenses are, of course, crimes, and come within police jurisdiction; but how are the police to prove fraud against these people, when those who have been victimized will not testify?

"Suckers Seldom Squeal" is an adage of fake stock promoters, and they bank on it in most of their operations. Clever men of the Travis type will not be found guilty of using the mails to defraud, and they generally have enough truth in their statements to enable a shrewd defence lawyer to put up a good plea before a jury.

At present the most effective weapon to use against the fake promoter is education of the public. This is being attempted by the Chambers of Commerce of the United States, the Better Business Bureau, and the Stock Exchange. They are trying to instil into the minds of the public the necessity of a thorough investigation before making an investment. Any reputable banking house in the country, will give free advice on promotions, and back of their advice there is nothing but the welfare of the country.

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Crime and Culture

(*Continued from page* 30)

of shady reputation, lived on her bounty for a time and was thrashed by her lover. Nothing daunted, he immediately became another woman's "petticoat pensioner."

Presently we find him marrying a grocer's daughter, and dispensing sand and coal. She dies, and he and an apothecary named William Plunkett engage in a career of highway robbery. Their first victim is a grazier, whom they hold up on Hounslow Heath and from whom they take 70 pounds. Then followed exploit after exploit. Now it was a coach, now individuals on lonely roads. Now it was a woman he had borrowed money from, and had repaid. She was waylaid on her way home with the money by Plunkett, Maclaine's comrade-in-roguery, and the money again taken from her. At other times the victims were friends who had entertained him lavishly in London and were on their way to their country homes. Maclaine had learned of their plans, and Plunkett did the rest.

And for this they called him "Mr." James Maclaine and honored him with the title of "gentleman highwayman." What strange ideas of a gentleman they had in those days!

Well, "Mr." Maclaine ran the gamut of the gaming table and indulged in love intrigues without number, with dames in all classes of society. But "Mr." Maclaine was a gentleman and therefore he tried to pawn himself off as a peer; with the assistance of his faithful Plunkett, trying to win a lady with 40,000 pounds, but failed.

Then, in the beginning of November, 1749, "Mr." Maclaine performed his most famous deed. He stopped and robbed Horace Walpole in Hyde Park, at about ten o'clock, as he was returning from Holland House. Upon this occasion he discharged the only shot he is said to have fired during his whole career of rascality. The ball passed through the top of the coach and Walpole's face was scorched by the explosion.

Upon discovering who his victim was, Maclaine wrote two letters to Walpole, apologizing for having been compelled by disappointment in his matrimonial scheme to resort to this method of raising supplies, and offering him a chance to redeem any trifles which he desired. A meeting was suggested but Walpole demurred.

His eventual capture and execution was brought about through his robbery of the Salisbury coach and the tracing of a garment which had been taken from one of the passengers. At his trial he whined and wept, offered to betray his associate for his freedom, and then made a full confession of his misdeeds. He died on the scaffold on October 3, 1750.

It is strange that without a single quality which could appeal even to the perverted imagination, 3,000 persons visited him at Newgate before his death. It is true that he was a coward, and in all his exploits was far from displaying that lighthearted recklessness usually associated with scoundrels of his calling. He was always content to stand off while his companion did the dirty work. He lamented at the last moment that his love of pleasure and a gay appearance, had undone him, yet he wanted to ride to the gallows in a fine coach.

Scarcely less amazing in that strange phenomenon of beauty and the beast at the upper end of the vertical line is Benvenuto Cellini, the Italian Renaissance goldsmith and sculptor, whose memoirs would picture him as an enlightened rascal of the first water. With his art and genius going before him he gained the privilege of moving in court and ecclesiastical circles, was a devout son of the church, an impulsive bravado, a deliberate murderer, dishonest, conceited beyond limit, and thoroughly unreliable. But to hear him tell his story, he is not a bad man at all. He recites his autobiography without a suspicion of apology. It is a record of which he is proud and not a defense made by a culprit.

He was an artist by inclination and ambition, but at heart he was a brawler, a swashbuckler, always dropping tools and taking to horse to escape the consequences of some fatal fight. It is remarkable how often he left his antagonist stretched upon the field. He had little regard for human life and itched to get into a fracas. As he tells the story the other participant was always in the wrong. Benvenuto was only defending himself like a gentleman.

He claimed the credit for having killed Charles of Bourbon as though it were some virtuous action, and at the siege of Rome, with the Pope beside him on the battlements of St. Angelo, he had right royal sport shooting at the people in the city below. "There never passed a day," he remarks, "that I did not kill some of the enemy outside."

His private brawls were of a more serious consequence. He used a knife on Pompeo, a rival goldsmith, and again on a musketeer who killed his brother. For these offenses he had to flee or seek asylum with some powerful cardinal until the trouble blew over and the Pope gave him a safe conduct. And yet Benvenuto never for an instant considered himself a murderer. He swaggered and boasted and repeated his own praises, and bragged about his meeting with kings and princes, his controversies and arguments with patrons and his contests with sculptors.

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He was plain-spoken, to say the least. He told Duke Cosimo he knew nothing about metal-casting; he accused Clement VII of breaking faith with him; he was impudent to Francis I; he flouted more than one cardinal. It is remarkable that he died a natural death. There were plots aplenty to assassinate him, and he had to wear a steel shirt; twice he was poisoned; Clement ordered him to be hanged; Paul had him in prison and intended to have him flayed alive or starved to death.

Benvenuto spoke little of his small vices. Once he stole the Pope's gold, but he owned up and made restitution. He evidently objected to purse-cutting if not to throat-cutting, and had no notion of figuring as a common rascal or sneak. As a lover he was fickle, and once dragged a woman about by the hair in a brutal manner. He said of himself, however, that he was "naturally of a charitable disposition."

His religious faith was of the "serviceable" kind. In periods of trouble he used it as a life saver; in times of health and peace it was on the shelf. He sang psalms and saw visions like a saint when he was in the dungeon of St. Angelo, but he no sooner got out than he killed the post-master at Siena and rode off to Ferrara where he and his friends made merry over the incident.

An absorbing passion of his life, however, was his art, and he wrote his amazing memoirs to tell us about his career as an artist. "There is but one such as I in the world," he told Duke Cosimo's steward, "whereas there are dozens such as you to be found in every corner." Most of his goldsmithing has perished, but examples of his sculpture may be seen in the bronze "Perseus," now in Florence, and the "Nymph of Fontainbleau." His memoirs, however, are regarded as his greatest masterpiece—a monument, too, to one of the most unconscionable miscreants of modern times.

A rogue and rake of equal eminence, but of a different order, was Jean Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, the self-ennobled impostor better known simply as Casanova. The son of strolling players, he was born at Venice in 1725. When sixteen years old he took the degree of Doctor of Law at the University of Padua, and became at that early age a classical scholar of considerable proficiency. He decided to become a priest, but fled from the monotony of his parish at Martirana in Calabria, and obtained an appointment at Rome as one of the secretaries to Cardinal Acquaviva.

At this time began the follies and depredations that have gained him the unenviable distinction as one of history's greatest rakes and impostors. He was dismissed by the Cardinal, drifted to Constantinople and became a devotee of the gaming table. He gained some success as a gambler and with his funds and a certain *aplomb* and elegance of manner, bold Mephistophelian fea-

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tures and a gay heart, he gained admission to the best social circles. But he soon lost his all and had to take to fiddling in a theatre to keep body and soul together.

A fortuitous circumstance threw him in with a wealthy Senator Bragadin, whom Casanova initiated into his practice of occultism of which he was persuading everyone he was possessed. Bragadin was taken in, gave up large sums of money, and even adopted him as his son. Well-funded, as he now was, Casanova plunged into a career of riotous living, gaming, making love to every pretty woman he could set eyes on, betraying maidens of good family right and left, getting into all manner of scrapes and being compelled to leave one city after another. His innumerable amours were always of short duration, and although betrothed to many a fair conquest, he always broke his vows, regarding infidelity as one of the necessary attributes of mankind.

In Paris he wrote some comedies and librettos, captured the attention of Madame de Pompadour with his audacity and wit, and imposed himself upon a foolish old Marquise d'Urie, who also was persuaded that Casanova was an adept of the occult sciences. The sums of money he obtained from her are estimated in the thousands of pounds.

His rogueries increased with time. He betrayed the daughter of a wealthy broker in Venice, and had clandestine meetings with a beautiful nun in the Island of Murano. A hundred disgraceful tricks and misdeeds at last brought him to the attention of the inquisitors in Venice. Me was condemned to five years under the Leads—the terrible dungeons in the roof of the Palace of the Doges. His escape from this prison makes one of the most thrilling chapters in his book of memoirs.

In Paris, to which he fled, he took up his debaucheries and occultism with renewed zest, finding dupes on every hand. But there were also days of want and starvation and consorting with associates of the lowest degradation. He had to return to Venice and earn his living as a secret agent of the inquisition. During this period he translated the "Iliad" and wrote some clever essays. Although forbidden by decree to enter Paris, he visited the city once more, but this time a thoroughly discredited and distrusted, decayed old rake and charlatan. Count Waldenstein, a Bohemian nobleman, permitted him to spend his days at the count's castle at Dux, as his librarian. Here he wrote his famous memoirs. He died here also in his 75th year, on June 4, 1798.

All in all, Casanova was an inveterate roisterer, a combination of pedant and charlatan, an unconscionable blackguard and a mean, unblushing sensualist. "Folly was the most predominent element in my life," he says complacently. "To love and enjoy, to desire and to satisfy one's desires, such is the circle in which we move and whence we never can be turned." "I have always been greedy of distinction," he confesses at another place, "I have always loved to draw the eyes of men towards me." He surpassed every other impostor by his transparent hypocrisy, and he will remain to the end of time, says one of his critics, as the greatest trickster that history has ever known.

The right of Colonel Francis Charteris to be cited beside Casanova as a gamester and rake of the first water one can hardly gainsay. But Charteris falls into the low order of intellectuality. He came of a good family of English royalists, it is true, but he had little if any education, Pope saying that he "scarce could read or write."

Born in Edinburgh in 1676, not long before Casanova burst upon the world, he very early showed aptitude for the gaming table. But he was a cheat and trickster, and for his sharp practices in the army was court-martialed and drummed out of the ranks. With money he repeatedly purchased his way back into a commission, but the government finally dismissed him for good after finding he had been cheating it of funds, and extorting sums from the soldiers. Once he was found with loaded dice, and another time we hear of his taking 3,000 pounds from the Duchess of Queensbury in a card game, with the aid of a mirror behind the unwary lady, by which he could observe her hands.

Before long Mr. Charteris had amassed a fortune through trickery, and after the purchase of several homes in town and country, began the indulgence of that infamy for which he is today mostly recalled—that of a voluptuary and libertine par excellence. Presently a whole sex became his prey. All the towns in the course of his travels rang with the noises of his excesses. He betrays the daughter of a rector and is discovered with her in a house that has caught afire. He attacks a good housewife. He is in the magistrate's courts everywhere and perpetually.

His country seats became the scandal of a nation. He organized a machinery for luring young girls and incautious country maids into his houses as servants and then effecting their seduction. His victims were numbered by the scores. The most extraordinary stories were told of the wild goings-on in his house in George Street, Hanover Square, London—damsels forced into compliance at the point of a pistol, orgies that might have been the envy of Tiberius.

In truth, so fearsome had become his offenses that the most abandoned of women showed fright at his name. His pictures and pamphlets depicting the extravagances and outrages of his life were hawked through the streets, and he became the object of execration of every father and husband in the land. It is astonishing that the old rake escaped the gibbet, but he had a purse

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that had grown fat with gaming, and many were the budding scandals that he had hushed up with his cash. There were charges of rape brought against him without number, and twice he was found guilty, but in each instance he was pardoned by the king. Once, however, he fell into the hands of the populace. He was waylaid while leaving the jail and was almost beaten to death.

Eventually the astounding roue's bodily vigor broke down. He became contrite and his mind was filled with charitable thoughts. He proposed to erect a charity school for the scores and scores of his natural children which were to be found seemingly in every corner of England. They were to be convened by advertisement. And he was to build also no less than twenty-four almshouses for the accommodation of the numberless poor women to whose progress in life his conduct had proved detrimental.

When he felt the end approaching, he pondered over the unknown future awaiting him and offered 30,000 pounds to anybody who would assure him there was no such place as hell. After his death the hearse which carried his body was pelted by infuriated mobs along the streets with filth and garbage, an attempt was made to tear the body from the coffin, and when it was finally lowered in the grave the carcasses of dead dogs and cats were flung in the tomb to bear it company.

But probably the most amazing example in recent times of this strange mixture of culture and criminality is Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, artist and literateur and associate of poets, philosophers, artists, musicians—yet who was a forger and a cold-blooded murderer who had no less than four known murders to his credit and who is generally believed to have sent off at least a dozen.

So little were his criminal propensities suspected that Charles Lamb, his contemporary, wrote of him as "the kind, light-hearted Wainewright." De Quincey dined with him and Coleridge and Macready, the actor, accepted of his lavish hospitality—a hospitality he was enabled to offer them with the large sums wrenched from the murders of relatives and confiding friends. He is the hero of Dickens's "Hunted Down," and the original of Varney in Bulwer Lytton's "Lucretia," while Oscar Wilde, himself convicted of an immoral offense, has written a somewhat erratic essay upon his character and work.

His murders, says De Quincey, were more than were ever made known judicially, yet Wilde can write, "One can fancy him in the midst of his books and casts and engravings, a true virtuoso, a subtle connoiseur, turning over his fine collection of Marc Antonios and his Turner's 'Liber Studiorum' of which he was a warm admirer, or studying with a magnifier some of his antique gems and cameos."

In one of the precious rings he wore, however, he carried the emblem of the more sinister side

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of his character, crystals of the East Indian *nux vomica*—the deadly strychnine. All his victims he sent off with this poison.

Wainewright, born in 1794 at Chiswick, England, was educated by a distant relative, a Dr. Charles Barney, and served as an orderly officer in the guards. He entered upon a literary life when about 25 years of age, contributing to "Blackwoods" and other reputable magazines of the time, and establishing himself as a weighty and admirable critic of literature and art.

Shortly thereafter he took to painting and began exhibiting in the Royal Academy's figure pictures, including such subjects as "Romance from Undine," "Paris in the Chamber of Helen," and the "Milkmaid's Song."

In the meantime he had been living a luxurious and extravagant life, running up huge debts and heavily involving his affairs. He was off on his career of crime at the age of thirty, forging a power of attorney to obtain possession of a fund of 5,000 pounds of which he had been enjoying the interest. It was a capital offense in those days, but remained undetected for twelve years

He married a young lady without means and lived improvidently. An uncle, G. F. Griffiths, a man of considerable wealth, offered them a home in his house. To gain entire possession of the place Wainewright poisoned his host. This took place in 1829.

His next victim was his mother-in-law, a Mrs. Abercrombie. He sent her off with strychnine in August of the following year, and in December of the same year he poisoned his wife's sister, Helen Abercrombie. By the murder of Helen, a beautiful and accomplished girl, Wainewright became possessed of 18,000 pounds, the amount for which he had had her life insured in various companies.

With his wickedly gotten gains, Wainewright set up a lavish household, stuffed it with art works and rarities of all kinds, brought together the eminent literary and artistic personalities of the day and dined and wined them interminably.

Then the insurance companies began to scrutinize the circumstances of his last victim's death and finding grounds for suspicion, declined to honor the 18,000-pound policy. Wainewright instituted suit. The trial was delayed for five years, forcing Wainewright into financial difficulties, and resulting in his arrest for debt. He was released by arrangement with his creditors and went abroad, visiting Helen Abercrombie's father at Boulogne.

Here he soon induced his host to insure his life for 3,000 pounds. As soon as the policies were made out he dropped some strychnine in his host's coffee as they sat conversing one day after dinner. His friend died the next morning in the presence of Wainewright, who left the same evening on a sketching tour in Brittany.

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He was arrested on some charge and imprisoned in France for six months. The prison authorities made note at the time of the "white powder" he carried with him, setting it down to English eccentricity. He returned to London in 1837, when he was recognized by an officer of the law as the bank forger of twelve years back and was again arrested. He was tried and sentenced to life transportation.

After his conviction he admitted to visitors his adventure as a poisoner, elucidating his methods with all the vanity common to such criminals. At Hobart Town, where he was sent, he tried to poison two more men who had excited his animosity. He died a prisoner at the age of 58, his sole companion a cat.

Oscar Wilde dwells upon his exquisite manners, "rich curly hair, fine eyes and exquisite white hands", but others report him with a snakelike expression at once repulsive and fascinating. Havelock Ellis, who made a study of his case, said he was clever, but vain and unstable, "ever to be wiled away by men and flashy gauds". His tastes were sensual in every respect, and his means were never sufficient to satisfy his desires for luxurious foods and drinks, for fine perfumes and jewels to wear.

Dr. Eugene S. Talbot, in his book on degeneracy, refers to criminals of Wainewright's type as "reasoning maniacs", and says their intense egotism makes them utterly regardless of the feelings of others.

"Their comfort and convenience", he asserts, are to be secured though everyone else is made unhappy; and sometimes they display positive cruelty in their treatment of persons who come into contact with them. Another manifestation of their intense egotism is their entire lack of appreciation of kindness done them. They are ungrateful to those who have served them, insolent, arrogant and shamelessly hardened in their conduct towards them.

"They boast of their genius, righteousness, their goodness of heart, their high sense of honor, their learning and other qualities, and this when they are perfectly aware that they are commonplace, irreligious, cruel and vindictive, and utterly void of every chivalrous feeling."

It was undoubtedly this overwhelming vanity of the criminal, that prompted Wainewright to remark while he was being placed in irons for exile. "They think me a desperado!—— I—the companion of poets, philosophers, artists and musicians, a desperado! You will smile at this—no, I think you will feel for the man, educated and reared as a gentleman; now the mate of vulgar ruffians and country bumpkins."

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The Alibi

(*Continued from page* 27)

had been a friend of Vance Dane's since childhood, looked as though he were seriously considering challenging Barton Booth to physical combat. The wealthy detective sat and smiled brazenly down upon him as if the young lawyer were a worm, scarcely worth considering.

Then Barton Booth's office boy was summoned. He, too, swore that he had never before seen Vance Dane.

"How old are you?" demanded Ernest Hartley.

"Twenty-one," was the reply. The boy did not look over sixteen.

"Good," drawled Ernest, "then eventually, since you are not a minor, we will be able to send you to jail for perjury."

The District Attorney sprang to his feet.

"I protest," he cried.

"So will this boy," chuckled Hartley, "but he's going to jail, nevertheless."

Several persons in the courtroom tittered. Judge Cram was very angry. He rapped for order.

"Proceed with the case," he said tersely.

The thin, nervous-looking clerk with whom Vance had conversed in Mr. Booth's office, was called. It was a foregone conclusion that he would disclaim any knowledge of Vance. His examination was merely a formality.

The coils were closing in about Vance Dane. Apparently he could not establish an alibi. His presence in the building was unsatisfactorily explained. Every witness he had produced had sworn against him.

When Mr. Booth was on the stand he had declared that his wife had been giving an elaborate party in Morristown the very evening which Vance had sworn to be the one for which the appointment on South Street had been made. Did it seem reasonable that he would make such a ridiculous engagement on such a night, especially since it was his tenth wedding anniversary and he would not have been away from home if he had been made a present of a farm? He produced a dozen witnesses to prove he had been at the party all during the evening.

When court was adjourned for the day, things looked very black for Vance. His lawyer offered to produce bail for him but the offer was refused.

At ten-thirty the next morning Ernest Hartley made somewhat of a sensation by placing on the stand the blonde girl of mystery. She was smiling bewitchingly. She could not have been more sure of herself had she been a queen. Her good spirits were infectious. Even the District Attorney was in a rare mood.

"What is your name?" asked Hartley.

"Katherine Griffith," she replied.

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"Did you find the defendant bending over the body of the deceased in a building on South Street on the evening of April the fifth?"

"I did."

"What reason did you have for visiting that building on that particular night?"

"I believed that something of a sinister character was to happen there that night. Before I went, I informed the police. If you are willing I should like to tell my impressions of the case in my own way."

"I have no objection," said Judge Cram.

"Nor I," said the District Attorney.

"It was about 9:30 or 10 o'clock when I arrived at South Street," she said. "I stole down the alley at the side of the building and entered through a back window which I knew that I would find open. Evidently it was the same window which Mr. Dane entered, but he did not hear me. At the moment he was probably dozing. He has admitted as much. Besides we two, and the man who was murdered there were others in the building that night. There were two, and those two are in the court at this very moment."

As she spoke each person eyed his neighbor suspiciously.

"What are their names?" demanded Judge Cram.

"Fred Lambreth and Tad Higgins." As she spoke she pointed to the office-boy and the clerk who were in the employ of Mr. Booth. "I charge those two with murder!" she said clearly.

The craven pair wore the pallor of death.

"And I charge Mr. Booth with being the head of a crime trust, operating a chain of offices in New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago. On the face of things they are detectives, but although occasionally employed in that capacity, for the most part their efforts are directed into more lucrative channels. The murdered man was kidnapped several days before the murder and carried to the warehouse on South Street, which he himself owned. He was not murdered until an innocent man had been planted in the building to be charged with the crime. Mr. Booth on that evening was at his home in Morristown, as he has testified, but it was not his tenth wedding anniversary. Although he has been married for ten years, his wife did not attend the dinner. She could not, for she is at present traveling in Europe. She has not lived with Barton Booth for the past nine years. The woman who poses as his wife is really his housekeeper, his cleverest accomplice. In the darkness of the old building on South Street, Ted Higgins slipped the pin into Mr. Dane's pocket. Then he dropped some blood from a small bottle onto Mr. Dane's forehead, so that when he wiped it away he would mechanically pile up evidence against himself with his blood-stained handkerchief. Higgins did this before he murdered his victim. The blood has been analyzed and the result shows that it is not human

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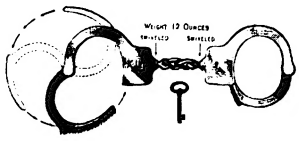

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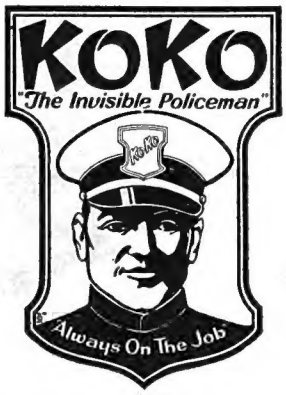

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blood at all. In the darkness Mr. Dane encountered a damp, bony hand. It was the hand of Higgins."

Barton Booth's usually healthy face was ashen. He seemed to have shrunken and grown old in a moment. His glasses hung from the black tape and dangled in the air. His pompous manner had vanished.

"And who," asked Ernest Hartley, "told you that something of a mysterious nature was to happen that night on South Street.

"Vance Dane, himself," she answered softly.

"But why did he confide in you?" persisted Hartley.

"Because I am his wife," she said simply.

"Then why, when the police arrived, were you holding your husband up, at the point of a revolver," prompted Hartley.

"Vance wanted to play the game through to the end without revealing either his or my identity. That little tableaux on which the police entered has been reported, and has helped to mystify Booth, and confuse his attorneys. This is to be our final case," she continued. "You see, Vance and I were married about six months ago, when he was a member of the detective force. I persuaded him to resign because of the risk in the work, but he would accede to my wishes only on the condition that I let him complete the Barton Booth case, on which he had been working for nearly a year. If he had left that job unfinished he would have considered that he had been guilty of a breach of loyalty. Headquarters had given him every help. They had placed great confidence in him. If he had failed he would have felt that his good record with the force had been spoiled.

"When he explained his attitude to me I had to admit that he was right. Never had he been able to prove anything against Barton Booth until he succeeded in worming his way into his employ. That rendezvous on South Street was his supreme opportunity. He was jubilant, but I felt strangely depressed. I did not know what urged me on, but I followed him that night." She smiled drolly. "And I made such a success of it," she added, "that I am going to keep on following him forever after."

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